

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

VOL. 2.—NO. 29.

SALEM, OHIO, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1847.

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THE RANSOM.

Letter to Frederick Douglass, with his
Reply.

DONCASTER, Dec. 12th, 1846.

DEAR FREDERICK:

This is the first letter of advice I ever
wrote to you—it is the last. I like to bear
the responsibility of my own existence. I
like to see others bear theirs. I say what I
am about to say, because I think it is my
right and duty to say it; at the same time,
not wishing to interfere with your right to
follow my advice, or not, as you shall see fit.
That Certificate of your freedom, that Bill of
Sale of your body and soul, from that villain,
Auld, who dared to claim you as a chattel,
and set a price on you as such, and to de-
mand and take a price for you as such, I wish
you would not touch it. I cannot bear to
think of you as being a party to such a trans-
action, even by silence. If others will take
that paper, and keep it as an evidence of your
freedom, you cannot prevent them; but I
wish you would see it to be your duty, pub-
licly to disown the deed, and never to recog-
nize that hateful Bill!—not to refer to it, as
of any authority to establish the fact that you
are a Freeman, and not a Slave—a Man, and
not a Chattel.

The moment you entered a non-slave State,
your position ceased to be Frederick Douglass,
versus Thomas Auld, and became Frederick
Douglass, versus the United States.—
From that hour, you became the antagonist
of that Republic.

As a nation, that Confederacy, professing
to be based upon the principle that God
made you free, and gave you an inalienable
right to liberty, claims a right of property in
your body and soul—to turn you into a chat-
tel, a slave, again, at any moment. That
claim you denied; the authority and power
of the whole nation you spurned and defied,
when, by running away, you spurned that
miserable wretch, who held you as a slave.

It was no longer a contest between you and
that praying, psalm-singing slave-breeder,
but a struggle between you and 17,000,000
of liberty-loving Republicans. By their
laws and constitution, you are not a Freeman,
but a slave; you are not a man, but a chattel.

You planted your foot upon their laws
and constitution, and asserted your freedom
and your manhood. You arraigned your antago-
nist—the slave-breeding Republic—before
the tribunal of mankind, and of God. You
have stated your case, and pleaded your
cause, as none other could state and plead it.
Your position, as the slave of that Repub-
lic, as the marketable commodity, the dehu-
manized, outraged man of a powerful nation,
whose claim and power over you, you have
dared to despise, invests you with influence,
and among all to whom your appeal is made, and
gathers around you their deep-felt, absorbing,
and efficient sympathy. Your appeal to
mankind is not against the grovelling thief,
Thomas Auld, but against the more daring,
more impudent and potent thief—the Repub-
lic of the United States of America. You
will lose the advantages of this truly manly,
and, to my view, sublime position; you will
be shorn of your strength—you will sink in
your own estimation, if you accept that de-
testable certificate of your freedom, that blas-
phemous forgery, that accursed Bill of Sale
of your body and soul; or, even by silence,
acknowledge its validity. Say I think, I
cannot think of the transaction without vexa-
tion. I would see you free—you are free—
you always were free, and the man is a vil-
lain who claims you as a slave, and should be
treated as such; and the nation is a blas-
phemous hypocrite, that claims power over
you as a chattel. I would see your right to
freedom, and to a standing on the platform
of humanity, openly acknowledged by every
human being—not on the testimony of a bit
of paper, signed and sealed by an acknowl-
edged thief, but by the declaration of a peni-
tent nation, prostrate at your feet, in tears,
suing to you and to God for forgiveness, for
the outrages committed against God and man,
in your person.

That slave-breeding nation has dared to
claim you, and 3,000,000 of your fellow-men,
as chattels—slaves—to be bought and sold;
and has pledged all its power to crush you
down, and to keep you from rising from igno-
rance to knowledge—from degradation to
respectability—from misery to happiness—
from slavery to freedom—from a Chattel to a
Man. As an advocate for yourself, and your
3,000,000 brethren, you have joined issue
with it—and in the name of God and human-
ity, you will conquer! The nation must
and shall be humbled before its victims,—
not by a blasphemous bill of sale, alias Cer-
tificate of freedom, for which £150 are paid,
but by renouncing its claim, blotting out its
slavery-sustaining constitution, acknowledge
itself conquered, and seek forgiveness of the
victims of its injustice and tyranny. The
plea, that this is the same as a ransom paid
for a captive of some Algerine pirate, or Be-
douin Arab, is naught. You have already,
by your own energy, escaped the grasp of
the pirate Auld. He has no more power over
you. The spell of his influence over you is
forever broken. Why go to him? Why ask
the sacrilegious villain to set a price upon
your body and soul? Why give him his
price? The mean, brutal slaveholder—daring
to price your freedom, your soul, in dol-
lars and cents, and with cool, consummate
impudence, and villany unsurpassed, saying,
"I'll be satisfied with 750 dollars"—I'll give
up my right of property in your person, and
acknowledge you to be a Freeman, and not a
slave,—a man, and not a beast—for £150.

"Satisfied," forsooth! You cancelled his vil-
lanous claims, when you turned your back
upon him, and walked away. But the nation
claims you as a slave. It does! Let it
dare to assert that claim, and attempt your
re-enslavement! It is worth running some
risk, for the sake of the conflict, and the cer-
tain result.

Your wife and children are there, it is true,
and you must return to them; but the great-
er will be your power to grapple with the
monster; the shorter and more glorious will

be the conflict; the more sure and complete
the victory, if you go as the antagonist of a
nation that claims you as a slave, as a chat-
tel, a man turned into an article of merchan-
dize. You would be armed with an irresist-
ible power, when, as a self-emancipated cap-
tive, you arraigned that piratical Republic
before the world. You would be sheltered
and sustained by the sympathies of millions.
The advantages of your present position
should not be sacrificed to a desire for great-
er security.

But I will go no further. You will think
that what I have said has more of indignation
than of reason in it. It may be so. Feeling
is often a safer and a wiser guide than logic.
Of all guilty men, the American slaveholder
is the most guilty, and the meanest, the most
impudent, most despicable, and most inex-
cusable in his guilt; except it may be those,
who in the non-slave States, and in Scotland
and England, stand sponsors for his social re-
spectability and personal Christianity, and
who thus associate our Redeemer in loving
fellowship with men who are the living em-
bodiment of the sum of all villainy.

Before concluding I wish to add, that in
what I have said, I would not arraign the
motives of those who have, as you believe,
sought to befuddle you in this matter. I be-
lieve Anna Richardson, and all who have un-
taken part in this transaction, have been ac-
tuated by the purest motives of kindness to
you and your family, and by a desire, thro'
the purchase of your freedom, to benefit the
American slaves. But they have erred in
judgment, as it appears to me. Forgive this,
if it needs forgiveness. I delight to see you
loved and honored by all, and to see you
made an instrument by the God of the op-
pressed, of humbling in the dust, that giant
liar and hypocrite, the American Repub-
lic, that stands with the Bible and Declara-
tion of Independence in its hands, and its
heel planted on the necks of 3,000,000 of
slaves.

Thine sincerely,

H. C. WRIGHT.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS'S REPLY.

22, St. Ann's Square, Manchester,
22d Dec., 1846.

HENRY C. WRIGHT:

Dear Friend:—Your letter of the 13th De-
cember reached me at this place, yesterday.
Please accept my heartfelt thanks for it. I
am sorry that you deemed it necessary to as-
sure me, that it would be the last letter of
advice you would ever write me. It looked
as if you were about to cast up on me for ever.
I do not, however, think you meant to convey
any such meaning; and if you did, I am
sure you will see cause to change your mind,
and to receive me again into the fold of those,
whom it should ever be your pleasure to ad-
vise and instruct.

The subject of your letter is one of deep
importance, and upon which I have thought
and felt much; and, being the party of all
others most deeply concerned, it is natural to
suppose I have an opinion, and ought to be
able to give it on all fitting occasions. I
deem this a fitting occasion, and shall accord-
ingly.

You have given me your opinion: I am
glad you have done so. You have given it
to me direct, in your own emphatic way.—
You never speak insipidly, smoothly, or
mincingly; you have strictly adhered to your
custom, in the letter before me. I now take
great pleasure in giving you my opinion, as
plainly and unreservedly as you have given
yours, and I trust with equal good feeling
and purity of motive. I take it, that nearly
all that can be said against my position is
contained in your letter; for if any man in
the wide world would be likely to find valid
objections to such a transaction as the one
under consideration, I regard you as that
man. I must, however, tell you, that I have
read your letter over, and over again, and
have sought in vain to find anything like
what I can regard as a valid reason against
the purchase of my body, or against my reciv-
ing the manumission papers, if they are ever
presented to me.

Let me, in the first place, state the facts
and circumstances of the transaction which
you so strongly condemn. It is your right
to do so, and God forbid that I should ever
cherish the slightest desire to restrain you in
the exercise of that right. I say to you at
once, and in all the fulness of sincerity, speak
out; speak freely; keep nothing back; let
me know your whole mind. "Hew to the
line, though the chips fly in my face." Tell
me, and tell me plainly, when you think I
am deviating from the strict line of duty and
principle; and when I become unwilling to
hear, I shall have attained a character which
I now despise, and from which I would hope
to be preserved. But to the facts.

I am in England, my family are in the
United States. My sphere of usefulness is in
the United States; my public and domestic
duties are there; and there it seems my
duty to go. But I am legally the property
of Thomas Auld, and if I go to the United States,
(no matter to what part, for there is no City
of Refuge there, no spot sacred to freedom
there,) Thomas Auld, aided by the American
Government, can seize, bind and fetter, and
drag me from my family, feed his cruel re-
venge upon me, and doom me to unending
slavery. In view of this simple statement
of facts, a few friends, desirous of seeing me
released from the terrible liability, and to re-
lieve my wife and children from the painful
trepidation, consequent upon the liability,
and to place me on an equal footing of safety
with all other anti-slavery lecturers in the
United States, and to enhance my usefulness
by enlarging the field of my labors in the
United States, have nobly and generously paid
Hugh Auld, the agent of Thomas Auld, £150
(acting as his agent) and the Government of
the United States agree, that I shall be free
from all further legal liability.

These, dear friend, are the facts of the
whole transaction. The principle here acted
on by my friends, and that upon which I act

in receiving the manumission papers, I deem
quite defensible.

First, as to those who acted as my friends,
and their actions. The actuating motive was,
to secure me from a liability full of terrible
forebodings to myself and family. With this
object, I will do you the justice to say, I be-
lieve you fully unite, although some parts of
your letters would seem to justify a different
belief.

Then, as to the measure adopted to secure
this result. Does it violate a fundamental
principle, or does it not? This is the question,
and to my mind the only question of impor-
tance, involved in the discussion. I believe
that, on our part, no just or holy principle
has been violated.

Before entering upon the argument in sup-
port of this view, I will take the liberty (and
I know you will pardon it) to say, I think
you should have pointed out some principle
violated in the transaction, before you pro-
ceeded to exhort me to repentance. You have
given me any amount of indignation against
Auld and the United States, in all which I
cordially unite, and felt refreshed by reading;
but it has no bearing whatever upon the con-
duct of myself, or friends, in the matter un-
der consideration. It does not prove that I
have done wrong, nor does it demonstrate
what is right, or the proper course to be pur-
sued. Now that the matter has reached its
present point, before entering upon the argu-
ment, let me say one other word; it is this
—I do not think you have acted quite con-
sistently with your character for promptness,
in delaying your advice till the transaction
was completed. You knew of the movement
at its conception, and have known it through
its progress, and have never, to my knowl-
edge, uttered one syllable against it, in con-
versation or letter, till now that the deed is
done. I regret this, not because I think your
earlier advice would have altered the result,
but because it would have left me more free
than I am now, since the thing is done.

Of course, you will not think hard of my al-
luding to this circumstance. Now, then, to
the main question.

The principle which you appear to regard
as violated by the transaction in question,
may be stated as follows:—Every man has a
natural and inalienable right to himself. The
inference from this is, that man cannot hold
property in man; and as man cannot hold
property in man, neither can Hugh Auld hold
the United States have any right of property
in me—and having no right of property in
me, they have no right to sell me—and, having
no right to sell me, no one has a right to buy
me. I think I have now stated the principle,
and the inference from it.

Now, the question upon which
the whole controversy turns is, simply, this:
does the transaction, which you condemn,
really violate this principle? I own that, to
a superficial observer, it would seem to do
so. But I think I am prepared to show, that,
so far from being a violation of that princi-
ple, it is truly a noble vindication of it. Be-
fore going further, let me state here, briefly,
what sort of a purchase would have been a
violation of this principle, which, in common
with yourself, I reverence, and am anxious
to preserve inviolate.

1st. It would have been a violation of that
principle, had those who purchased me done
so, to make me a slave, instead of a Freeman.
Auld.

2ndly. It would have been a violation of
that principle, had those who purchased me
done so with a view to compensate the slave-
holder, for what he and they regarded as his
rightful property.

In neither of these ways was my purchase
effected. My liberation was, in their estima-
tion, of more value than £150; the happi-
ness and repose of my family were, in their
judgment, more than paltry gold. The £150
was paid to the remorseless plunderer, not
because he had any just claim to it, but to
induce him to give up his legal claim to
something which they deemed of more value
than money. It was not to compensate the
slaveholder, but to release me from his power;
not to establish my natural right to free-
dom, but to release me from all legal liabili-
ties to slavery. And all this, you and I, and
the slaveholders, and all who know anything
of the transaction, very well understand.—
The very letter to Hugh Auld, proposing
terms of purchase, informed him that those
who gave, denied his right to it. The error
of those, who condemn this transaction, con-
sists in their confounding the crime of buy-
ing men into slavery, with the purchase of
men out of slavery, and the purchase of legal
freedom with abstract right and natural
freedom. They say, "If you rec-
ognize the right to sell, if you re-
cognize the right of the giver to give, and
this has a show of truth, as well
as of logic. But a few plain cases will show
its entire fallacy.

There is now, in this country, a heavy
duty on corn. The government of this country
has imposed it; and although I regard it as
most unjust and wicked imposition, no man
of common sense will charge me with endors-
ing or recognizing the right of this govern-
ment to impose this duty, simply because,
to prevent myself and family from starving,
I buy and eat this corn.

Take another case.—I have had dealings
with a man. I have owed him one hundred
dollars, and have paid it; I have lost the re-
ceipt. He comes upon me the second time
for the money. I know, and he knows, he
has no right to it; but he is a villain, and
has me in his power. The law is with him,
and against me. I must pay or be dragged
to jail. I choose to pay the bill a second
time. To say I sanctioned his right to rob
me, because I preferred to pay rather than go
to jail, is to utter an absurdity, to which no
sane man would give heed. And yet, the
principle of action, in each of these cases, is
the same. The man might indeed say, the
claim is unjust—and declare, I will not in-
deed pay it. But this would be a demand
for truth, justice, or humanity; and how-
ever much we might be disposed to respect
his daring, but little defence could be paid

to his wisdom. The fact is, we act upon this
principle every day of our lives, and we have
an undoubted right to do so. When I came
to this country from the United States, I
came to the second cabin. And why? Not
because my natural right to come in the first
cabin was not as good as that of any other
man, but because a wicked and cruel
prejudice decided, that the second cabin was
the place for me. By coming over in the
second, did I sanction or justify this wicked
prejudice? Not at all. It was the best I
could do. I acted from necessity.

One other case, and I have done with this
view of the subject. I think you will agree
with me that the case I am now about to put
is pertinent, though you may not readily par-
don me for making yourself the agent of my
illustration. The case respects the passport
system on the Continent of Europe. That
system you utterly condemn. You look upon
it as an unjust and wicked interference, a
bold and infamous violation of the natural
and sacred right of locomotion. You hold,
(and so do I,) that the image of our common
God ought to be a passport all over the habi-
table world. But bloody and tyrannical gov-
ernments have ordained otherwise; they
usurp authority over you, and decide for you,
on what conditions you shall travel. They
say you shall have a passport, or you shall
be put in prison. Now, the question is, have
they a right to prescribe such terms? and
do you, by complying with these terms,
sanction their interference? I think you will
answer, no; submission to injustice, and
sanction of injustice, are different things;
and he is a poor reasoner who confounds the
two, and makes them one and the same thing.
—Now, then, for the parallel, and the appli-
cation of the passport system to my own
case.

I wish to go to the United States. I have
a natural right to go there, and be free. My
natural right is as good as that of Hugh Auld,
or James K. Polk; but that plundering gov-
ernment says, I shall not return to the
United States in safety—it says, I must allow
Hugh Auld to rob me, or my friends, of £150,
or be hurled into the infernal jaws of slavery.
I must have a bit of paper, signed and sealed,
by my liberty must be taken from me,
and must be torn from my family and
friends. The government of Austria said to
you, dare to come upon my soil, without a
passport, declaring you to be an American
citizen (which you say you are not), you
shall be arrested, and thrown into prison.
What said you to that Government?
Did you say that the threat was a villainous
and an infamous invasion of your right
of locomotion? "What go where I please—
I dare defy your government?" Did you
say, "I will spare your passport; I would
not stain my hand, and degrade myself, by
touching your miserable parchment. You
have no right to give it, and I have no right
to take it. I trample your laws, and will put
your constitutions under my feet! I will
not recognize them!" Was this your counsel?
Not dear friend, it was not. Your practice
was wiser than your theory. You took the
passport, submitted to be examined while
travelling, and availed yourself of all the ad-
vantages of your "passport"—or, in other
words, escaped all the evils which you ought
to have done, without it, and would have
done, but for the tyrannical usurpation in Eu-
rope.

I will not dwell longer upon this view of
the subject; and I dismiss it, feeling quite
satisfied of the entire correctness of the rea-
soning, and the principle attempted to be
maintained. As to the expediency of the
measures, different opinions may well pre-
vail; but in regard to the principle, I feel it
difficult to conceive of two opinions. I am
free to say, that had I possessed one hun-
dred and fifty pounds, I would have seen
Hugh Auld kicking, before I would have
given it to him. I would have waited till
the emergency came, and only given up the
money when nothing else would do. But my
friends thought it best to provide against
the contingency; they acted on their own
responsibility, and I am not disturbed about
the result. But, having acted on a true prin-
ciple, I do not feel free to disavow their
proceedings.

In conclusion, let me say, I anticipate
no such change in my position as you predict.
I shall be Frederick Douglass still, and once
a slave still. I shall neither be made to for-
get nor cease to feel the wrongs of my en-
slaved fellow-countrymen. My knowledge of
slavery will be the same, and my hatred of
it will be the same. By the way, I have
never made my own person and suffering the
theme of public discourse, but have always
based my appeal upon the wrongs of the
three millions now in chains; and these shall
still be the burden of my speeches. You
intimate that I may reject the papers, and al-
low them to remain in the hands of those
who have effected the purchase, and thus
avail myself of the security afforded by
them, without sharing any part of the re-
sponsibility of the transaction. My objection
to this is one of honor. I do not think it
would be very honorable on my part, to re-
main silent during the whole transaction, and
giving it more than my silent approval; and
then, when the thing is completed, and I am
safe, attempt to play the hero, by throwing
off all the responsibility in the matter. It
might be said, and said with great propriety,
"Mr. Douglass, your indignation is very good,
and has but one fault, and that is, it comes
too late!" It would be a show of bravery
when the danger is over. From every view
I have been able to take of the subject, I am
persuaded to receive the papers, if presented
—not, however, as a proof of my right to be
free, for that is self-evident, but as a proof that
my friends have been legally robbed of £150,
in order to secure that which is the birth-
right of every man. And I will hold up
those papers before the world, in proof of the
plundering character of the American govern-
ment. It shall be the brand of infamy,
stamping the nation, in whose name the deed
was done, as a great aggregation of hypo-
crites, thieves and liars,—and their condem-

nation is just. They declare that all men are
created equal, and have a natural and inalien-
able right to liberty, while they rob me of
£150, as a condition of my enjoying this
natural and inalienable right. It will be their
condemnation, in their own hand-writing,
and may be held up to the world as a means
of humbling that haughty republic into re-
pentance.

I agree with you, that the contest which I
have to wage is against the government of
the United States. But the representative of
that government, is the slaveholder, Thomas
Auld. He is commander-in-chief of the ar-
my and navy. The whole civil and naval
force of the nation are at his disposal. He
may command all these to his assistance, and
bring them all to bear upon me, until I am
made entirely subject to his will, or submit
to be robbed of seven hundred and fifty dollars.
And rather than be subject to his will, I have
submitted to be robbed, or allowed my friends
to be robbed, of the seven hundred and fifty
dollars.

Sincerely yours,

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Report of the Select Committee

To which had been referred a Petition praying
a Dissolution of the Union. In Senate—
February 3, 1847.

Mn. GODDARD, from the Select Committee,
made the following

REPORT:

The Select Committee to which was re-
ferred the memorial of certain inhabitants of
the counties of Columbiana and Mahoning,
praying the General Assembly of the State
of Ohio, to declare the Federal Union dis-
solved, now report:

It did not need the instructions of the Sen-
ate to induce the Committee to report ad-
versely to the prayer of the petitioners. The
proposition is traitorous and disloyal. It is
not a thing to be entertained, or reasoned upon.
The perpetuity of the Union should be
assumed—regarded as a fixed fact, not to be
debated or questioned. Attachment to the
Union should be a feeling—a sentiment in
every American breast. It should be instinc-
tive. The American should imbibe it with
his mother's milk. It should grow with his
growth and strengthen with his strength—the
confidence of his youth, the pride of his
manhood, and the solace of his old age.—
Next to the duties which an American owes
to his God, are the duties he owes to his
country. The first of these is, Preserve the
Union; the second, Preserve the Union; the
third, Preserve the Union.

Let it be said, Ohio could show how vast-
ly important that Union is to her. Centrally
situated, her citizens sending the products of
their industry at one season, through the ar-
tificial channels of the North, and at another
by the great river of the South, finding access
to the Ocean at points 2,000 miles apart, what
portion of the Union could Ohio spare?—
Where would she draw the dividing line?—
Shall the beautiful river which forms her
Southern boundary, now teeming with peace-
ful commerce, free as the air we breathe, and
witnessing no hostilities but the generous
competition of an enterprising people, shall
that be the boundary line between independ-
ent and unconnected States? Then, may we
expect to see arrayed upon the opposite banks
the hostile armies of the divided nations.—
Bristling cannon shall supplant the waving
wheat upon its hills—the march of armed
men tread down the products of its valleys,
and the waters of the Ohio be discolored with
the blood of her sons. Are our citizens pre-
pared for this? Can the memorialists, many
of whom belong to the gentler sex, averse to
civil commotion and bloodshed—ministering
angels to man when pain and sickness dis-
tract him, tempering with their softness the
rough asperities of man's nature—can they
willingly see such possible consequences
with complacency?

When the first President of the United
States, the Father of his Country, was about
retiring from that high office to which the par-
tiality of his grateful countrymen had twice
unanimously called him, he addressed to them
an affectionate letter, prompted only by the
great love he bore to the people he had
saved, and containing sentiments which
should be perpetually cherished by the Ameri-
can people. This paper, usually styled
Washington's Farewell Address, and bearing
date September 17, 1796, should, next to the
Bible, be the daily reading of our people.—
His warning voice must be forgotten, his
counsel's contemned and disregarded, before
any one can be willing to raise a partrical
hand against the Union of these States.

The committee recommend the adoption of
the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the memorialists have lib-
erty to withdraw their memorial.

Resolved by the General Assembly of the
State of Ohio, That the Secretary of State
cause to be printed, an edition of Washing-
ton's Farewell Address, and distributed to
each School District in the State.

CHARLES B. GODDARD,
JOHN MARTIN,
ALFRED P. EDGERTON.

Our readers can learn from the following,
the disposition made of the above report.

Mr. Goddard from the select committee to
which was referred the petitions asking for
a dissolution of the Union, made a report
against the prayer of the petitioners, con-
cluding with a resolution directing the print-
ing of Washington's Farewell Address, and
the distribution of one copy to each School
District in the State; which was adopted.

Mr. Thornhill offered a joint resolution
providing for the printing of 5000 extra
copies of the report.

Mr. Welch moved to amend so as to ex-
cept from the printing that part of the report
which charges that the prayer of the peti-
tioners is "traitorous and disloyal."

Mr. Perkins said that the Constitution and
the Bill of Rights recognized the right of the
people at any time to alter or abolish their
government. He regarded the charge against

the petitioners of "treason," as a gross libel.
The amendment of Mr. Welch was lost.—
yeas 15, nays 21; and the resolution was
agreed to.

Intolerance at the South.

Under this caption one of the Philadelphia
papers gives an account of some very unusu-
al and violent proceedings in the county of
Accomac, in Virginia. The Methodists of
that district, it appears, decline dissolving
their connection with the Philadelphia Con-
ference, and refuse to join the Southern
church. For this conduct they have been ar-
ranged as enemies to the institutions of the
South. It is said that no word or act of abo-
litionism is charged or suspected; the head
and front of their offending is, that they dare
to worship their Creator in Communion with
Christians of the North. An excited popu-
lar meeting has been held to denounce their
course, at which Judge Scarburgh, if we mis-
take not, the successor of Judge Upshur, con-
sented to make an address. Shortly after, a
pamphlet was issued by Judge Scarburgh,
William P. Bayly (brother of the member of
Congress) and various others, enjoining sub-
mission upon the Methodists.

The North American, which contains all
these particulars, has, as usual with every
thing that it relates, attempted to give the
matter a party coloring, but proceeds to
relate the following particulars.

"A letter written from Accomac expressed
surprise to find men who hesitate not to
swear and drink," calling upon the Chris-
tians to bow down to the God of this world.
This pamphlet is before us. We did not
suppose it possible that conspicuous and in-
fluential men could be found at the south wil-
ling to lend their names to such a publica-
tion. It abounds in the wildest and most
sweeping denunciations of the north, and
describes all connection with it, in terms
the most virulent. Not only is it, in effect,
a plea for the dissolution of the Union, but
entire non-intercourse with the North. It
asks, 'Can a slave-holding community al-
ways rely upon professions, even from preach-
ers?' and adds that a man 'when asked, are
you an abolitionist?' to answer 'No, is
you an abolitionist?' The interrogator is
precisely where he was before the question
was asked—neither wiser nor better inform-
ed, as to the real character of the person in-
terrogated."

"The address regards the continuance of
Christian connection with a Northern church,
as itself, an overt act of abolitionism. It
says, 'the civilized world has signed and
sealed the doom of slavery.' Friends of the
ties to this death-warrant? Is your soul
attached to it? And again, 'is it possible that
they can flatter themselves no mischief is to
grow out of such a connection?' Upon an-
other page, Judge Scarburgh asks:

"Can we sustain practices in a body of
Christians which would spurn and revolt at,
if done in our Legislatures or other pub-
lic assemblies? Will we sustain and ad-
here to a conference which allows the in-
troduction of negro testimony in church trials
against white persons, which is to expel us
from the church of our choice and disgrace us
in the eyes of our fellows, when in trials at
law we will not tolerate their testimony even
where a sixpence is involved?"

"But, lest this language should not be suf-
ficiently explicit, the vengeance of the mob
is distinctly threatened against this body of
Christians, themselves slaveholders, and
whose only offence is communion with the
Philadelphia conference. 'We cannot,' says
the address, 'believe the Methodist of this
county will longer desire to continue, OR
THE PUBLIC LONGER TOLERATE, their
connection with the Northern Church.'"

The address appeals in a most violent and
passionate manner, as we should judge by
the extracts from it, to the feelings of the
people in that district, and not without effect,
as these facts seem to show. A letter in the
"Snow Hill Shield," states—

COMMUNICATIONS.

PAINESVILLE, Jan., 1847.

FRIENDS JONES:—

Some strange things have happened since you were here; and in relating them I will try to make a long story as short as I can, and do it justice. Well, on the Sabbath that you spent in Painesville, at the close of the forenoon service by Father Keep, a very respectable lady in the congregation observed, that the people now ought not to be worse than the old Jews were, for they would never condemn any man unheard; and she would propose that they should invite the Presbyterian and Methodist congregations each side of the free church, to attend and hear you that afternoon and evening. There was a committee of two ladies appointed to invite each congregation to attend. In the evening Mrs. Jones, you recollect, alluded to some expressions of a Methodist professor to an anti-slavery lecturer, and when Mr. Jones asked Mrs. Jones to give the language, she declined on account of its being so bad.—Then Gen. J. H. Paine requested Mr. Jones to give it himself, which he did. On the next Sabbath day or eve, report said that Mr. Kinney, the Meth. dist. preacher stationed here, charged in his sermon the females with insulting them by inviting them to hear you, and be abused; and also that there was a certain lawyer that had called out from Mr. Jones the profane language that Mrs. Jones had declined speaking.

The 7th of Jan. was the day for holding the Annual Meeting of the Lake co. Ladies' A. S. Society, at Painesville. Mr. J. W. Walker, of Cleveland, was invited to address the meeting in the afternoon and evening.—Previous to this, Mr. Kinney had given notice that on the following Sunday evening he should attempt to prove that the discipline of the M. E. Church was anti-slavery. Well, the 7th of Jan. came and Mr. Walker gave a most eloquent address, to a small (it being a very stormy day,) but respectable congregation of both sexes. In speaking of the means to be used to oppose slavery, he was severe upon the pro-slavery churches, and particularly upon a pro-slavery priesthood; though he made some few exceptions. At the close of the address, Mr. Kinney, who was present, inquired if Mr. W. intended his denunciations to apply to the Northern churches and ministry. Mr. W. replied "most certainly." Gen. Paine introduced the Rev. Mr. Kinney, and afterwards as a minister of the M. E. Church, to which Mr. K. took exceptions. He was asked if he did not once leave the M. E. Church on account of its being so pro-slavery? He said no; he only located and preached one year in two Presbyterian churches in Ashtabula co. and put himself under the care of the Congregational Association of Ashtabula.

During the conversation, Father Keep asked Mr. Kinney to meet Mr. Walker, himself, and others that evening and talk over the subject of the churches and ministry in relation to slavery. Mr. Kinney inquired of Mr. Keep if he would acknowledge him as a minister of a branch of the Church of Christ; but all the satisfaction Father Keep gave him was that he did receive him as a minister of a branch of the professed church of Christ. He declined discussing the subject, saying that he had an appointment of more importance. The secretary of the Ladies' Society moved a vote of thanks to Mr. W. for his able and eloquent address, which was passed unanimously (I believe). Mr. W. then said that he should speak that evening upon the pro-slavery character of the M. E. Church and discipline. Mr. Kinney observed that Mr. W. need not make any of his rhetorical flourishes for him, as he should not be there to hear them. The overbearing manner of Mr. K. gives great emphasis to his words.—In the evening Mr. Walker thoroughly examined the pro-slavery character of the M. E. Church, proved it from the discipline, the action of the Gen. Conference from '36 to '44, and the action of the Annual Conference, to the satisfaction, I presume, of every unprejudiced person present.

I attended the next Sunday evening and took notes of Mr. Kinney's sermon on the discipline. Text, Deut. 5, 23, "Neither shalt thou bear false witness against thy neighbor." After some introductory remarks, and charging Mr. Walker with breaking this command by denouncing the Northern churches and ministry, he undertook to prove the M. E. Church anti-slavery in her character, 1st by reading some extracts from the writings of Dr. A. Clarke, Richard Watson, and John Wesley, against slavery, published by the authority of the M. E. Church as standard works. Then he read extracts of the doings of the Gen. Conference down to 1800. There he left them trying to advance gradual emancipation. Now was it honest in him to pass over the resolution of the Gen. Conference in '36, censuring Orange Scott and George Storrs for speaking against slavery, in an anti-slavery meeting in Cincinnati and the resolution that they were opposed to modern abolitionism; and the resolution in '40 against receiving colored testimony in the church where the law forbids it, and the discussion in '44 on the appealed case from the Baltimore Conference and Bishop Andrews' case, when the Northern members expressed not a word of sympathy for the poor slave, but abundance of sympathy for the slaveholder. They disclaimed in toto the ultra sentiment that

slavery is sinful under all circumstances, and assured their brethren of the South, that they opposed slavery wholly on the ground of expediency; that they were driven to it by the private members of the Northern societies, and that they were leaving them for the Wesleyan connection. The Northern members eulogized Bishop Andrews to the skies, but said that it would be inexpedient to have a slaveholding Bishop. At last they passed the following resolutions:

1st. Resolved, That Bishop Andrews' name stand in the minutes, hymn book and discipline as formerly.

2d. That the rule in relation to the support of a Bishop and his family, apply to Bishop Andrews.

3d. That whether in any or in what work Bishop Andrews is to be employed, is to be determined by his own decision and action in relation to the previous action of this Conference in his case.

Mr. Kinney then read the general rule in discipline against "buying and selling men, women and children with an intention to enslave them," and compared it with the Wesleyan discipline upon this subject; but read only about half the paragraph in the latter. Was that honest? He then read the question in the close of the M. E. discipline, "What shall be done for the expropriation of the evil of slavery?" He acknowledged that the church held slaves, but said that they knew that if they taught them to read as the discipline recommends, they would emancipate themselves. He said that they were charged with tolerating slavery because they permitted slaveholders to remain in the church. "Of all the sophistry," he said, "that capped the whole. It would convict Almighty God of tolerating sin, for he permitted sinners to live in the world for their good."

He said he had one confession to make. He attended the Ladies' A. S. Society, and found himself in a heterodox anti-slavery meeting, and he would never do so again. He was astonished that they should pass a vote of thanks to Mr. Walker for his lecture. He was sorry for the lady that offered the motion; he presumed she was deluded. He thought the same spirit that was manifested there would have passed a vote of thanks to the damsel that danced before Herod, and demanded the head of John the Baptist. He had defended his own church and could defend other churches in this place, but their ministers were able to attend to their own business. It would take a stronger force than a limb of the law, or a Cleveland lecturer, to take any of the members from their altar—remarked that one of Mr. Walker's colleagues said, that he could prevent a revival for 30 miles round—thought he must have much of the devil about him to keep every thing good so far from him—that now the

reasonable, constitutional A. S. Society, carefully guarded so as to keep out all these people. He would give them some advice before he closed. These lectures had been there from time to time, and they had all heard them. Now his advice was, refrain from these people and let them alone. He had one request to make of his congregation. It was this, that they go silently out of the house, and say nothing about the discourse either approving or disapproving it. The sermon was delivered to a crowded house and caused considerable excitement.

SILAS PEPOON.
Hudson Convention.
Burton, Feb. 3, 1847.

FRIENDS EDITORS:—
I thought to give you a hasty sketch of the Hudson Liberty Convention, as many things showing "which way the wind blows" will not appear in the published proceedings of that body.

The meeting was large though the weather prevented many of the friends of the slave from being there. Great enthusiasm prevailed from the first, the cheers and stamping, cries of "hear," clapping of hands and abundant hissing, clearly indicated that all parties concerned felt.

The meeting was a "trinity," Liberty Party, Disunionists, and the "Church and Clergy" were all distinctly represented.

The first item of important business was presented by E. Wade, Esq., in the form of a pledge designed to be circulated among the Liberty men as a kind of strengthening plaster, it being found that Rootbacks and Bebbas whistled them off the track. The question was raised what has happened to the Liberty Party that they won't stand by principle as firmly as Whigs and Democrats will by no principle, which the Convention seemed disinclined to answer. I endeavored to answer the query by showing the friends that Liberty Party was made up in the main of members of pro-slavery churches paying \$10 to support pro-slavery priests and papers while it paid ten cents to support Liberty party principles.

The Convention finally adopted a pledge or resolve, declaring they would vote for no slaveholder or those who held political or party fellowship with them, but when a man may hold religious, moral and ecclesiastical fellowship with a church that has stolen their neighbors' children and wives, and yet he may be a leader in the party, showing the politics of the party to be purer than their religion.

Geo. Bradburn laid the axe of extermination deep into the roots of the Churches for their unnameable crimes and sins in supporting slavery—which roused our friend Blakes-

lee (a graduate of the Hudson College) to their defense. He showed distinctly to some, that a man might vote for Bebb and be a Liberty man, and that our wholesale denunciation of the Church and Clergy was aimed at religion and would send us to everlasting smash if persisted in; and that no body of men were more consistent than the Clergy of the United States; in which he was mainly correct, a larger half holding it (slavery) to be a Bible institution, and a multitude carry it out in practice.

The reports of the Committees were introduced and read in part—the one by Mr. Keep on the duty of the churches was high toned and severe, but just and merited—and contained a clause declaring it to be the duty of the Church to make immediate preparation to send the gospel to the south, upon which our friend Blakeslee declared the report had made the churches of the land all infidel or heathen—the church whose duty was alluded to must be the Liberty Party church and called for volunteers to go South and preach Christ. This seemed a stumper, till our friend Watson (a colored man) rose and accepted the offer, declaring he would enlighten the South on the Black Laws of Ohio and other barbarous acts of the people of this State, and exhort the South to send them a pure gospel—the Liberty Party Church have one missionary in the field. Mr. Bradburn thought the Dey of Algiers might with as much propriety send a missionary to Ohio as we to send one to the South.

The last evening Mr. Bradburn had been appointed to report on the Constitution—and did so in a resolution setting it forth as Anti-Slavery; but in his argument his wonted clearness and unbounded power in debate I thought seemed to forsake him. Judge King, Mr. Keep and Wade sustained him with their usual ability and clearness, showing plainly to my mind that that instrument ought to have been Anti-Slavery.

Mr. Case, of Randolph, (a farmer) followed on the negative and gave some home thrusts to the arguments of the Liberty men. Plain laboring men can see into that document. Having felt it my duty to cut loose from Liberty party on this point, I endeavored to show that the Constitution was a mulatto with a northern father and a southern mother—and as in all slave laws the offspring follows the condition of the mother, so our government and all the people under it from the first have been swept into the vortex of despotism.

During the debates of the first evening, Mr. Hutchins, of Warren, made allusion to the former position of the College, which drew a hiss from a part of the students, which was continued at times to the great disgust of Pierce, about 9 o'clock the last evening, a stop to it by a single wish, and the question soon rose why he had not interposed before. From this time to the close (twelve o'clock) the scene was rich. A vote of thanks to the people of Hudson being introduced, discussion on the College burst up like a volcano—till Pres. Pierce "defined their position" by saying that the Professors and Students were permitted to adopt and advocate anti or pro-slavery sentiments, but an infidel could not do so and remain a professor. I would say more but have not room, and close by saying that good will come out of Nazareth.

Yours for no union,
B. W. RICHMOND.

FRIENDS EDITORS:—
I noticed in a late number of the Bugle, a communication from Randolph, containing the proceedings of the Disciple Church in that place, on the subject of slavery. The amount of which was, if I remember rightly, that they would no longer have religious or political fellowship with slaveholders or their abettors, and especially with those who sanctioned slavery by the Bible. For the benefit of those who read that communication, and all who know of the proceedings of said church, I wish to state the following:—Those resolutions were passed, not by the majority of that church, and all who voted for those resolutions are still in full fellowship with those who opposed them, among whom are some that believe that under "certain circumstances," a man can be a christian and hold slaves, and think it a sin to aid a panting fugitive to escape from the clutches of his christian master. Query—Does not that church maintain a more pro-slavery position than before their action on the subject of slavery?

A. SUBSCRIBER.
Randolph, Feb. 8, 1847.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, February 8, 1847.

EDITORS OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.
On the 7th day of inst., February, the Wesleyan Methodist Church of Cleveland adopted the annexed preamble and resolution, and directed me to send it to you for insertion in the Bugle.

Whereas, the Rev. J. W. Walker, in his printed address "to Wesleyans and others," has stated that in the Church at Cleveland, there are a very few who are strong party men, (Liberty party) who love party more than truth, and the building up of a sect to the advancement of the cause of God, therefore

Resolved, as the opinion of this church, that there is no man therein "who loves party more than truth," or who prefers "the building up of a sect to the advancement of the cause of God."

R. H. BLACKMER, Sec'y.

Mexican War.

RESPECTED EDITORS:—

The following is a copy of a letter addressed to a Whig editor, who lives not a thousand miles from the city of Cleveland, with a request that he would publish it; but as he has not complied with this request, I send it to you. If you think its publication will be likely to benefit the public, I shall be gratified to see it in the Bugle—but if you have other matter with which to fill your columns, that you judge to be of more importance, you are at liberty to "lay it on the table."

Most respectfully,
H. YOUNG.

Mr. Editor:—

Can you exercise sufficient forbearance towards one of your patrons, to receive reproof, kindly given, without being offended? If you cannot, you had better read no more of this letter, but commit it to the flames, for it is farthest of anything from my design to procure your ill will. The good book you know, says, "Thou shalt not suffer sin upon thy neighbor, but shalt in any wise reprove him." Now, Mr. Editor, I feel it to be my duty to admonish you and through you, the Whig party generally, or so many of them as take the same position that you do with respect to the Mexican war. And I do it with none other than feelings of the most profound respect and good will. I will here say that I am not wedded to any political party, but have always voted with the Whigs when I have voted at all, therefore I hope they will receive what I say as coming from a friend. While reading your strictures on the President's Message, I was forcibly struck with what appeared to me to be, a great inconsistency in your position and course, with regard to this Mexican war. You say the war is an unjust one on our part—that Mexico has done nothing to justify this nation in marching an army into her territory and killing her people, and still you encourage volunteers to go and join the army, when Mr. Polk calls for them. You censured Mr. Giddings for voting against the appropriations for the purpose of carrying on this unjust war. Now what appears to me to be an inconsistency is, that you should condemn the war, and still encourage its prosecution. If this war has been brought on by Mr. Polk, as you affirm, without any just cause for it, then every Mexican that is killed in this war is murdered. And who, I ask, is accountable for these murders? I perceive you calculate to lay all the sin on the President. You say to the volunteers, go murder the Mexicans by scores and by hundreds. I know you are doing a great wrong to the Mexicans, but have not deemed it to be thus massacred; but after you have done this, you are accountable for all the wrong done. But I very much fear, Mr. Editor, that you will find yourself implicated in the guilt of murdering Mexicans by the wholesale, when you stand before that impartial tribunal to which we are all hastening. For if I understand the nature of moral and legal justice, every man who encourages or rewards another for committing crime, is held to be his accomplice, consequently a partaker of his guilt. It follows then, that all who encourage volunteers to go into Mexico, as well as all who obey this call of the President to go there and murder the inhabitants of a neighboring Republic, will, by the Judge of all the earth, be held to an account for this great wrong.

You seem to have some little sense of the accountability of volunteers, for you say "Mr. Polk need not lay the flattering unction to his heart, that because men volunteer to fight, they do so only from a conviction of the justice of the cause. No, our country right or wrong, is the sentiment which animated the brave volunteers; the question of justice is not argued." As though you had a sort of suspicion that if they had known, as you know, that the war is unjust, they might not have responded so readily to the call of Mr. Polk, to shed the blood of innocents. (By the way, I do not think you have done the volunteers any injustice in this representation of them, for every reflecting man must come to the conclusion that whoever would volunteer to fight in such an unjust war, must have little or no sense of personal accountability.) And yet you dignify this stupidity of mind, and recklessness of all sense of right, with the name of patriotism, which you, and Daniel Webster, and Gov. Bebb, and others of the Whig party, appear to think is sufficient to cover and excuse their horrid deeds of carnage and slaughter they have done, how away off in the interior of Mexico, they have massacred the innocent inhabitants in their own houses, by scores and by hundreds, you are all loud in your praises of this human butchery! Mr. Webster says, "It is just cause of national pride." But if I do not mistake, it is the very conduct that is disgracing us in the eyes of the whole civilized world—that we have waged a war of conquest against a neighboring weak Republic, and are taking their territory from them, as you say, "to curse it with human slavery."

That patriotism which leads my fellow-citizens to volunteer to fight in such an unjust war, or to encourage its prosecution, I deprecate; it is a patriotism without philanthropy—a patriotism unworthy the enlightened citizens of this great Republic. It is unjust and unchristian; a palpable violation of the spirit of that religion which is professed by this nation, which requires its votaries to

regard all nations as one great family of brothers. If we act up to this spirit, should we not as much fear to do a wrong to a neighboring nation as to our own?

But you say we must stand by our government, whether in the right or wrong. Well, what is it to stand by our government, but to stand by its rights, and protect its just interests? But you say this Mexican war is not right, consequently to stand by the country in this war, is not standing by the country's rights. Do you think the framers of this government ever contemplated giving the executive power to order the military force of this country to march into a neighboring nation, and slaughter the inhabitants, when there was no just cause for so doing? Mr. Webster says, "The president went beyond his constitutional limits, in bringing on this war;" so says Mr. Bebb. Now, if the president has gone beyond the power delegated to him by the nation, then the nation ought not to sustain him in the act, especially if to do so, would be doing a great and irreparable wrong. It does seem to me that the Whig party have adopted a very anti-bible system of ethics concerning this war. You say the war is wrong—waged for conquest, yet we must help carry forward this war! Is not this "doing evil that good may come?" and what says the good book of such? "Their damnation is just." Does not this sentence of high Heaven, condemn all, who, knowing this war to be unjust, still encourage its prosecution?

But you are calculating to bring Mr. Polk to an account for all the consequences of this wrong doing of the nation. Now I am thinking that when this account is brought against Mr. Polk, he will be found utterly bankrupt. I do not believe him good for such an amount of responsibility, if it were possible to fasten it upon him. If the evil done by this nation in consequence of Mr. Polk's mismanagement, was an evil that might easily be repaired by his successor, it might with some propriety be borne with, but this war is doing an irreparable wrong to Mexico. Who can restore to the disconsolate widows and helpless orphans, their husbands and fathers, who have been slain by this nation, in standing by James K. Polk, in his unconstitutional act in plunging this nation into an unjust war? And how are we to get rid of the conquered provinces of Mexico, that are already being added to this nation to be "curse with human slavery?" the effect of which will be to bring more effectively the noses of Northern men to the grindstone of Southern dictation. Thus you are helping to forge chains to bind your own hands with, and the hands of posterity, and that too with your eyes open to a full view of what you are about. I ask then, in the name of patriotism—is this standing by the interests or rights of our country?

To me it appears to be an abandonment of both, to stand by Mr. Polk, in his violation or evasion of those salutary restrictions which the framers of the Constitution saw fit to throw around the executive office. Gov. Bebb says, "Where is the man who does not know and feel this Mexican war is a presidential war?" I am utterly astonished at the inconsistent course pursued by the leaders of the Whig party. And now I entreat you as one who loves his country, yet regards the welfare of all nations, to desist from countenancing this war, while you believe it to be unjust and wrong; and thus be consistent with yourselves, and the unchangeable principles of right.

H. YOUNG.
Twinsburg, Jan. 8, 1847.

Twinsburg, February 7, 1847.

FRIENDS EDITORS:—

On the last First day in January, after a most stirring appeal to the congregation to open their hearts and hands in support of the Missionary cause for the conversion of perishing heathen in China, and other foreign lands, the preacher (Peter Burroughs) descended from the stand to receive cash and subscriptions. I rose and requested to be heard a moment, when Peter replied that he did not wish to be disturbed, and another of the church functionaries requested me to leave the house; but inasmuch as I had the floor, I proceeded to read the following:

"As we have been solicited by the preacher in charge of the Twinsburg Circuit to aid in the Missionary enterprise, we therefore would respectfully request that the M. E. Church in the Northern division of Conference, take immediate measures for the emancipation and conversion of 27,000 slaves in said church that are forbidden to learn to read the name of their Creator. While it thus participates with pirates and holds its own church members as chattels with brutes, we do not feel at liberty to aid said church in any of her enterprises."

There is a vast amount of ignorance in this place with very many—they know not there are slaves in the church, and when any thing like the above is presented, they begin and say, is it possible that there are slaves in the church, and we have not known it!—We are determined to disturb their quiet every convenient opportunity, with truth, so that they shall not go to hell unbeknown.

When friends Foster sent an appointment to come here, the church members consulted together, and concluded it best to demolish their public buildings so as to keep out those "infidels," and accordingly went to work and worked all one night to destroy one to begin with; thinking, I suppose, that Stephen and Abby would hear of it, and how much tar and feathers, eggs and the like powerful arguments they had, and be frightened

away. But they came, and nobody was hurt or scared, or stayed at home, but the priests and lay members, i. e., those that lie horizontally with a priest's foot on their neck, which constitutes a lay member according to Parker Pillsbury. The Anti-Slavery spirit is on the increase; there are a few whole-hearted friends in this place. We have had but few lectures, and are desirous that lecturing agents call on us. We want the subject agitated still more.

Yours for truth against oppression,
R. J. HENRY.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, FEBRUARY 19, 1847.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—Edmund Burke.

(Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chesnut sts.

REPORT ON DISUNION.

On our first page will be found a report from a select committee of the Senate of Ohio, which is at once pathetic and patriotic, furious and frothy. For so short a report it contains a vast amount of crude ideas and erroneous doctrines, some of which we design to examine; and in order to commence at the right place, we shall go back to the beginning—to the petition upon which the report is founded. Here it is:—

To the General Assembly of the State of Ohio.

The memorial of the undersigned, inhabitants of ———, respectfully represents, that at a recent session of your body, the following resolution was passed:

"Resolved, That in the name and on behalf of the people of Ohio, we do hereby protest against the annexation of the republic of Texas to the union of these States, as unjust, inexpedient, and destructive of the peace, safety, and well-being of the Nation; and we do, in the name and on behalf of the said people, solemnly declare that Congress has no power conferred on it by the Constitution of the United States, to consent to such annexation; and that the people of Ohio cannot be bound by any such covenant, league or arrangement, made between Congress and any foreign State or nation."

As the act of Texas annexation has been consummated, and her Representatives and Senators taken their seats in the National Council, we would therefore request you to declare the Federal Union dissolved, recall the Senators and Representatives of Ohio from the city of Washington, and re-affirm in the language formerly used in your resolution, "that the people of Ohio cannot be bound by any such covenant, league or arrangement, made between Congress and any foreign State or nation."

This request the Committee pronounce "traitorous and disloyal," and the Senate endorses the charge. If it be traitorous to ask the General Assembly to stand by its own resolution, if it be disloyal to ask it to declare the people of Ohio are not bound by what a previous Legislature asserted could not bind them, what words can be found to describe the character of those who adopted the resolution incorporated in the memorial? The committee has passed by the action of a former Assembly without note or comment, while the lesser crime of the memorialists has been visited with the heaviest maledictions, owing, perhaps, to the fact that the memorial bears a stamp of sincerity and earnestness of purpose of which the resolution was probably never suspected. But let this pass.

It is traitorous to petition for a dissolution of the Union, say the Committee—perhaps the memorialists may think the assertion needs no other reply than that which Patrick Henry made to a similar charge, though preferred upon other grounds, "If this be treason, make the most of it." We should like, however, to know where the Committee got its definition of treason; certainly not either from the Constitution of Ohio, nor from that of the United States. But if the memorialists be traitors, as the Committee have reported, and the Senate by solemn vote declared, why do these good and loyal citizens enforce the law against those who are preaching their treasonable doctrines throughout the length and breadth of Ohio? Do they not by their neglect to do so, render themselves partakers in the crime?

They say that a proposition to dissolve the Union "is not a thing to be entertained or reasoned upon." Indeed! And how long since the American Union became so holy as to be above the reach of reason? The Omnipotent himself is willing and anxious that his human creatures should reason about, and investigate his laws and government, and his constant invitation is, "Come and let us reason together;" but this Committee has endeavored so to exalt the American Union that none shall presume to discuss its merits.—Does it consider the fathers infallible? Was it impossible for them to err? The propriety of discussing the formation of the Union was never questioned. Every one felt at perfect liberty to say what he chose for or against the measure. Did the adoption of a common Constitution deprive the fathers of the right of discussion? Did the decree which declared the existence of the Union, act as a gag upon the minority who opposed it, forever sealing their lips, and the lips of their children, and their children's children to the latest generation? The idea is absurd.

Although the Committee and the Senate say in their report that the perpetuity of the Union should not be debated, yet they enter upon its discussion, and endeavor to show the disastrous results of its dissolution, and predict bloodshed and ruin as a consequence. Indeed, they throw considerable poetry into the second paragraph, and speak of bristling cannon supplanting waving wheat, armed men treading down the products of the soil, and the waters of the Ohio running red with blood. The South, with her three million of slaves, would hardly be so silly as to make an attack upon the North; and the North would hardly be dastardly enough to menace the helpless South. Such language as the Committee use is quite a pretty rhetorical flourish, but we opine that even in the estimation of the members of that Committee and of the Senate it counts but little, as little as does the talk about the value of the Union to Ohio, and what is that worth? Virginia kidnappers come upon her soil, carry off her citizens and incarcerate them in the prisons of the Old Dominion without the shadow of law upon their side. How great the value of the Union! Kentucky sends her emissaries on the same errand—Columbus is invaded and her citizens dragged into slavery, while Ohio is powerless to resist. How great the value of the Union! The Executive of Ohio feels aggrieved, and in the name of the people demands justice at the hands of the offending States, but no redress can be obtained. How great the value of the Union! Slavery needs new feeding ground, a vast extent of territory is annexed, and war is the result. Ohio, though opposed—in theory at least—to the war, is, by virtue of the Union, compelled to aid in its prosecution, to furnish men and money to fight a people against whom she has no complaint. How great the value of the Union! It is unnecessary to recur to the many events by which Ohio has herself become so enslaved and degraded by her union with the South, that she is willing to exchange her birthright of freedom for the condition of a vassal.

"Stooping in chains upon her downward way,
Thicker together on her limbs and stronger,
Day after day,"
and though a slave to the Union and to those to whom the Union gives power, exulting in the fact that she is contented and happy, and like the slaves of Ashland, "fat and sleek." The Committee tell us that "the perpetuity of the Union should be assumed." But suppose the assumption is denied? what then? Another assumption must be made, which is, that no one has a right to debate the question—not at least if he is a Disunionist. What cowardly tyranny! Command us to Russia for a milder despotism, to Turkey and Algeria for a more enlightened policy. The spirit which moved the Committee to make the report and the Senate to adopt it, is the same spirit that has consigned hundreds to the dungeons of the Inquisition, and burned heretics at the stake. True, the members of the Ohio Senate have not the power possessed by the holy fathers, else these traitorous Disunionists would pay the penalty for their rashness in daring to question the sacred character of a compact framed some sixty years since by thirty-nine frail and erring men, and ratified by those whose wisdom was not infallible. The love of the Ohio Senate for the Union, and its epithets of denunciation hurled at those who differ from it, was fully equalled, if not surpassed, by the love of King George, the 3d, for the then existing union and his hatred for the Disunionists of '76; and the position of the latter was fully as tenable and democratic as that of the former. Those whom George denounced as traitors are now regarded by the people as worthy of all honor; so shall the memory of those whom the Senate denounces as traitors be embalmed in the affections of the just and good of coming ages.

The love of country is a feeling natural to man, existing alike in the heart of him who dwells amid everlasting snows, and of him who roams the burning desert. This feeling is instinctive; not so with attachment to forms of government, laws, and constitutions. Although the Committee and the Senate say this love for the American Union "should be instinctive," unfortunately for them, God has not made it so; and however much they think he may have erred in this omission, their opinion of it does not alter the fact. When they say "the American should imbibe it with his mother's milk," they ought certainly to except the three millions of Americans who toil in chains and dwell in degradation because the American Union declares they shall.

The Committee also appeal to those of the gentler sex among the memorialists, those who are "averse to civil commotion and bloodshed—ministering angels to man when pain and sickness distract him, tempering with their softness the rough asperities of man's nature," and ask if they can look with complacency upon such results as have been portrayed. It is because of their kindness, it is because of their sympathy, it is because of their remembrance of the fact that one and a half million of their own sex are doomed, in this land, to suffering infinitely worse than any thing the Committee has depicted, more terrible than it ever entered into the imagination of the Senate to conceive, that they ask for a Dissolution of the Union by which the slave woman is held in her bondage. They

do not behold in imagination "the hostile armies of the divided nation;" but they know that the entire power of this people is arrayed against a defenceless portion of their own citizens to degrade and to imbrute them.—They see not in fancy the "bristling cannon;" but the whip, the branding iron, the gag, the thumbscrew and the handcuff are ever before them in vivid reality, for these are the weapons which slaveholders wield when they fight for oppression under the flag of the American Union. Instead of anticipating "the march of armed men," treading down the green blade and the yellow ear, they know full well that the iron heel of the oppressor is even now trampling into the mire of slavery the hopes, the happiness, the life, and the liberty of three millions of their fellow countrymen; and that the blood of the innocent is crying for vengeance from the ground. They know full well that even now, a war is raging in the South land, a war which in its means of character and atrocity stands unparalleled upon the records of history, a war between the tyrant and his captive. And it is because the American Union sanctions and sustains the oppressor in the perpetration of all his enormities, all his cruelties, all his diabolism, that they ask that it be immediately and forever dissolved.

The Senate may invoke the aid of the dead, it may appeal for support to the sentiments of a slaveholder of other days, but its invocations and appeals will be in vain. It may scatter Washington's farewell address broadcast throughout the land, but even that cannot save the Union. And in the adoption of this measure we behold a sign of the approach of a better day, an evidence of the impression Disunion doctrine is making on the public mind, a proof of the fear and terror which has taken hold of politicians; and could the voice of Washington now be heard, coming from the spirit-land, speaking as it would the language of truth and sobriety, it would most emphatically condemn the American Union as "a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell."

A Word of Cheer.

The following resolutions were adopted at the late annual meeting of the Massachusetts Society.

"Resolved, That we rejoice in the abundant evidence, which every day affords us, of the successful and triumphant progress of the friends of the American Society at the West, glad that so extensive and important a post is garrisoned by so watchful and faithful a band; we are cheered by this brightening of the bonds which bind the anti-slavery host together, and by the proof, that though political power is leaving the East, though the sceptre is departing from Judah, we may rest satisfied that hearts, equally faithful, are watching the ark of the slave's safety, and will see to it that his chains remain no longer in the valley of the Mississippi.

"Resolved, That we pledge, for New England, to Ohio, not only our hearty sympathy, but our most efficient aid and support, in covering with anti-slavery machinery the vast field she has in charge.

"Resolved, That the unparalleled success of the 'Bugle' gives us fresh confidence in the anti-slavery zeal of our Western friends, and proves them keenly alive, not only to the general interests of the cause, but to the specific measures which can alone insure its continued progress and final triumph.

The sympathy of our friends and the friends of the slave in the East, is indeed grateful to us, and the promise of aid truly encouraging. The field of labor here is extensive, the soil good, and even now the ripened ear and well filled grain give promise of an abundant harvest. But who shall enter in and reap? The laborers here are but few, while the work to be done is immense. We believe there is no other part of the anti-slavery field which will so well repay the toil of the husbandmen, and so well fill the store-house of the Lord of the harvest, as the great West. The classifications of society here, have not yet become petrified by the lapse of years as at the East; the people have less aristocracy in their feelings, more simplicity of character, and manifest a greater readiness to receive the truth. The more frequent intercourse between the anti-slavery friends of the East and the West, the more highly will they appreciate each other, and the more effective will their labors be against the common foe. "No union with slaveholders" is the true motto, but union among consistent abolitionists is both desirable and necessary. The aid and support of our eastern friends, and their presence among us, will, most assuredly, bind the laborers of the East and the West more closely together, and greatly advance the cause of humanity.

DESTITUTION IN IRELAND.—On our fourth page will be found a letter from Richard Allen of Dublin, giving some account of the terrible destitution of the people of Ireland. Shall the appeal which those starving, dying ones are making to America for aid, go unheeded? Shall the mute eloquence of the gaunt, skeleton forms of thousands who are perishing for lack of bread, meet with but a faint response from the fruitful plains and fertile valleys of this nation? Oh, how terrible it is to feel hunger constantly gnawing at your vitals, to see the flesh wasting away from the forms of those you love, and to have your children crying for bread when you have none to give them! Such is the condition of hundreds and thousands in Ireland, and a bushel or more of wheat or corn from each of the well filled granaries of the West would save many a poor wretch from death by starvation. Let us not give occasion to have it said to us "I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat."

To Correspondents.
P. M. M. and E. D. W. We respectfully decline publishing their articles—the sentiments are good, but not the poetry.

W. H. of Y. The greater part of his communication is not suited to our columns, and besides, we do not wish to encourage personal controversy from which our readers can derive no good.

R. J. H. Will try to find room for his letter before long.

M. T. J. Shall be heard.

J. P. D. On file for insertion.

W. H. His paper is changed as directed. We do not know what he means by the other papers he speaks of. He neglected to pay the postage on his letter.

W. H., Jr. We shall not complain if he chooses his own time. Part of his letter will probably be published. How can we forward him some books for sale, and for gratuitous distribution?

C. W. L. Will write him soon.

M. A. T. and A. D. Their articles shall appear next week.

Christianity of the Orthodox Quakers.

Some effort has been made in this place to collect means to assist the starving Irish, and so far as we have been able to learn, the Orthodox Friends have been the most active in this work of benevolence. It was recently suggested—by whom we know not—to call a public meeting of those who sympathized with the famished peasants of Ireland, to consider and adopt the best measures to give the relief for which dying thousands were praying. Application was made for the Friend's Meeting House, but the request was refused, because—as we were informed—if it was opened for this purpose, it would have to be opened for anti-slavery, temperance, &c. If the proprietors of all other public buildings in this land, were to follow the example of the Orthodox Friends of Salem, thousands would doubtless perish in consequence, for it is by public meetings that much has and will be done to awaken the sympathies of the people, and direct their aid in the most available channel.

We give this week the correspondence between Henry C. Wright and Frederick Douglass. The latter places his purchase in as favorable a light as the circumstances will admit, and proves, what we, at least, have not doubted, the right of a man to buy off an unjust claim upon his property or person, provided he does not thereby inflict injury upon others. It is however another question, whether it be right to take the money of abolitionists to free one slave, when the millions who are in bondage have an equal right to their freedom. It seems to us, under any circumstances, does not encourage the slaveholder to continue his grasp upon the others, until they in like manner are redeemed.

We do not believe Douglass is in any less danger because of the free papers he carries in his pocket, or that his efficiency in the anti-slavery enterprise is in any degree increased thereby—the only one who appears to have been benefited by the transaction, is Auld, who has now sufficient money to purchase a slave to fill the place Douglass vacated.

James W. Walker,

Of Cleveland, will lecture on slavery this evening in the Friends' (Hicksite) Meeting House at early candle-light. He expects to hold other meetings on Saturday and Sunday; notice of the time and place will be given at the close of his first lecture.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE came late to hand this month, but is none the less welcome because of its delay. It is filled with its usual variety of reading matter, among which is a continuation of Cooper's new sea tale.—"The Glenner" is a beautiful engraving, as is also the view of the country of the upper Missouri, upon the shores of which river are seen herds of Elks and Bisons feeding upon the pasture or drinking of the waters. These, with the plate of fashions, constitute the embellishments of the Magazine, for this month.

THE OHIO LEGISLATURE adjourned on the 8th inst. If its labors have effected any good for humanity, if they have made the world better and happier, we are glad of it; but such are not the chosen agencies by which the Spirit of Moral Reform benefits man.

David P. Lowe.

If it will suit his inclination, David P. Lowe is requested to come to this part of the State as early as he conveniently can, for the purpose of holding some anti-slavery conventions in company with another person. If he cannot come, he is requested to write to the undersigned at this place. Those who take the Bugle will confer a favor by calling his attention to this request.

SAML. BROOKE.

CHARACTERISTIC.—The readers of last week's Bugle will remember the account we gave of the shameful manner in which S. S. Foster was treated at the Liberty party and Religious conventions held in Boston. The statements which our friend Foster made, are fully substantiated by the testimony of others, whose communications appeared in a recent No. of the Liberator, and it is useless to deny the facts. Joshua Leavitt, the hero of the gag war, appears to feel that such is the case, and coward like, shrinks even from reading the charges preferred against him in

the Liberator, and *priest like*, throws himself upon his dignity—that being the best defense he can make. Read the following contemptible paragraph from the Emancipator.

The columns of the Liberator last week fairly groined with the burden of the awful deeds done in the two conventions of the preceding week—that of the Liberty party at Faneuil Hall, and the meeting of ministers and church members which was broken up by the emissaries of the grand Whig Fair. We are quite busy, just now, and expect to be for some time to come, in trying to get the slaves free. After that is done, if we should then happen to have nothing better to do, we will perhaps read those long columns; but at present we really have no time. And as for any slanders that may appear through that channel, we have no thought of spending a moment in confuting them.—Those who believe such things, would not be unassured by any thing we could say.

Not Inconsistent.

A committee of the Indiana legislature recently reported in condemnation of the Mexican War, and recommended the adoption of the following:

"Be it Resolved by the General Assembly of the State of Indiana, That while we denounce a great national calamity, we hereby instruct our Senators and request our Representatives to vote all necessary and proper supplies for its vigorous prosecution; while, at the same time, it is the anxious desire of all the members composing this General Assembly, and of the people represented by it, that it should be brought to as speedy a termination as possible, consistent with the national honor and the national glory."

This, it will be seen, is the exact position taken by a majority of the Whigs.

The same committee, reporting to the same body, on the New Hampshire resolutions, made use of the following language:

"Let this war go on—let victory crown our arms till Mexico shall yield up a large portion of her territory, and your committee fear that success would be more dangerous than defeat. They are nothing but a disaster to follow from this war; no laurels to be won; no benefits to be gained; but certain and inevitable division in our councils, and possibly, nay probably, a dissolution of our Union."

Now, there are some persons who profess to be unable to see that these positions are contradictory, and that to hold them both is absurd. They say that it is a patriotic duty, to furnish all necessary supplies for the vigorous prosecution of a war, to an issue, successful to our arms, in which success is more dangerous than defeat; which can result, if prosecuted, in nothing but disaster, in which no laurels are to be won, no benefits to be gained, and which will probably eventuate in the dissolution of the Union! That is, that it is the part of patriotism, or enlightened love of country, at a vast expense of treasure, of health, of life and of morals, to overrun the territories and slaughter the citizens of an offending neighbor, with the probable result of destroying our own country! A vigorous prosecution of the war will probably produce a dissolution of the Union, is the opinion of the Indiana Whigs. Yet they advise the granting of men and money to effect the dissolution of the Union, and the possibility of a dissolution of their party, it seems to us to be more carefully shunned, than the probability of dissolving the Union. This is what *modern Whigs* call patriotism.—*Cin. Herald.*

The editor of the Herald makes a slight mistake in his comments. The Committee speak of a "Dissolution of the Union," the editor of "destroying our own country"—two very different and opposite things. The Dissolution of the Union would be the salvation of our country, the preservation of the Union our country's destruction. The Committee, it is true, are glaringly inconsistent, but not more so than all necessarily be, who in principle are opposed to the war, but in position are members of the government which prosecutes it.

Another Drop in the Cup.

The St. Louis Republican contains a letter from a correspondent in relation to Indian matters of which the following is an extract. "We have on our border and near us an unfortunate band of badly treated Indian emigrants. They are portions of the Six Nations of New-York. They were sent here by Government according to treaty stipulations. Their treatment, suffering and condition cannot be described. I have said they were from New-York. They were brought hither by the Government in June last, but with promises that money should be paid upon their arrival here. By the treaty they were to have houses, fields, mills, churches, school-houses and other comforts erected for and extended to them. But up to this time they have not received a dollar of money, nor has a cabin, to say nothing of a house, been erected. No churches nor school-houses have been prepared, nor has a field been opened. The consequences are easily told. Of the whole number, more than one-half have been consigned to their mother earth—while those who remain are borne down by sickness and the loss of so many friends.

"The Government is responsible for this destitution and affliction. The people of the Six Nations have seen better days, and something beside the Government ration was necessary to their comfort, and was provided for in the treaty. As yet, the Government authorities have not responded to an appeal made by them, through their agent, while nations, before and since their emigration, have had money paid to them. There is something wrong in the proceedings toward these wretched Indians, and someone should be made to suffer, and account for their wrongs. The interposition of the independent press is invoked, and I ask the whole country to see that the stain is removed from the national honor."

The Paris correspondent of the Boston Atlas says: A frequent visitor at the Tuilleries of late, where he has a seat by the Queen's side, is Father Mousa, a jet black African priest, who excites great interest by accounts of his missionary labors in Senegal. Many of the nobility have invited him to their tables, and large sums have been subscribed to build him a new church. Through his exertions over six hundred Roman Catholic priests have signed a petition for the abolition of slavery in the French colonies, to be presented to the next Chambers—over eight thousand other signatures follow.

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

Slavery as it is.

Chadds Ford on Brandywine Dec. 26, '46.
DEAR SIR:—Myself and two others lately visited the eastern part of Virginia to see the cheap lands much talked of now in agricultural circles, and there saw a slave auction. My friends were not abolitionists before, and put my credulity when I told them the horrors of slavery; but one week in the Old Dominion has added two staunch adherents to our cause. I wish every pro-slavery man and woman in the North could witness one slave auction.

We attended a sale of land and other property near Petersburg, and very unexpectedly saw slaves sold at public auction. The slaves were told they would not be sold and were collected in front of the quarters, gazing on the assembled multitude. The land being sold, the auctioneer's loud voice was heard, "bring up the niggers." A shade of astonishment and affright passed over their faces, as they started first at each other and then at the crowd of purchasers, whose attention was now directed to them. When the horrible truth was revealed to their minds that they were to be sold, and nearest relations and dearest friends parted forever, the effect was indescribably agonizing. Women snatched up their babies and ran screaming into the huts. Children hid behind the huts and trees, and the men stood in mute despair. The auctioneer stood on the portico of the house, and the men and boys were ranged in the yard for inspection. It was announced that no warranty of soundness was given, and purchasers must examine for themselves.—A few old men were sold at prices from \$13.00 to \$25.00, and it was painful to see old men with beards white with years of toil and suffering, stand up to be the jest of brutal tyrants, and to hear them tell of their diseases and worthlessness, fearing they would be bought by traders for the southern market.

A white boy, about 12 years old, was placed upon the stand. His hair was brown and straight; his skin exactly the same hue as other white persons, and no discoverable trace of negro feature in his countenance.

Some coarse and vulgar jests were passed on his color, and \$5.00 was bid for him, but the auctioneer said "that is not enough to begin on for such a likely young nigger!" Several remarked they "would not have him as a gift." Some said a white nigger was more trouble than he was worth. One man said it was wrong to sell white people. I asked if it was more wrong than to sell black people. He made no reply. Before he was sold, his mother rushed from the house upon the portico, crying in frantic grief, "My son, oh, my boy, they will take away my dear —" Her voice was lost, as she was rudely pushed back and the door closed. The sale was not for a moment interrupted, and none of the crowd of ruthless tyrants appeared to be in the least degree affected by the scene. The poor boy, afraid to cry before so many strangers, who showed no sign of sympathy or pity, trembled and wiped the tears from his cheeks with his sleeve. He was sold for about \$250. The monsters who tore this child from his mother would sell your child and mine if they had the power. During the sale, the quarters resounded with cries and lamentations that made my heart ache. A woman, an old woman, and hastened mechanically to obey the call, but stopped, threw her arms aloft, screamed, and was unable to move.

One of my companions touched my shoulder and said, "come, let us leave here, I can bear no more." We left the ground. The man who drove our carriage from Petersburg had two sons who belonged to the estate—small boys. He obtained a promise that they should not be sold. He was asked if they were his only children. He answered, all that's left of right. The others had been sold to the South, and he would never see or hear from them again.

As northern people do not see such things, they should hear of them often enough to keep them awake to the sufferings of the victims of their indifference.

Very respectfully, your friend,
ELLWOOD HARVEY.

Increase of Starvation and Progress of Death.

After an absence of nearly a week from Skibbereen, I passed through that town on Thursday last. By two respectable inhabitants it was asserted that the mortality, so far from diminishing, had up to that day appeared to increase. One of these gentlemen told me positively, that one day during the week he had counted no less than fifteen funerals. On leaving Skibbereen the coach was circled round by at least from fifty to sixty women, all of whom appeared in the most extreme destitution, and who appeared to pay particular attention to a gentleman who was about leaving Skibbereen for Cork. On making inquiry as to this gentleman's name, I was informed that it was Inglis—that he had for some time held the station of Commissary General, and that he was sent down especially by government to investigate the condition of the people of this district. By chance I happened to travel with him on Thursday last, and during my journey, received some important information regarding the effects of the present mortality, and the operations of the relief and soup committees. He related to me several incidents connected with the present destitution of the town, and alluded to one particularly, which, even in this abode of destitution and misery, is so singularly shocking as to require a more lengthened notice.

On Sunday, (20th Dec.), a young woman with difficulty entered the public streets from one of the narrow and ill-furnished lanes that compose the outskirts of the town; with tottering steps and tremulous voice she brought the charity of the passers by; but for some time her solicitations were useless, and from continued absence of food, and consequent exhaustion, she fell in the street, and remained there for a short time unable to rise or even to speak. She was shortly after removed from the place where she fell; after the proper restoratives had been supplied, the poor sufferer was conveyed to the wretched cabin that she called her home. She there informed the charitable persons in attendance that her father and mother had died within the two previous weeks, and at the same time directed their attention to a heap of dirty straw that lay in the corner, and apparently concealed some object under it. On removing this covering of straw, the spectators were horrified on beholding the mangled corpses of two grown boys, a large portion of

each of which had been removed by the rats, while the remainder lay festering in its rotteness. There they remained, perhaps, for a week, or it might be for a fortnight, unknown and unheeded, the wretched relics of poor mortality, on which these loathsome creatures had nightly held their disgusting banquet. Such a fact and such a state of society, communicated to me by a responsible official of the present Government, requires in this place neither remark nor comment; indeed I must do the gentleman the justice to say that he evinced a generous sympathy in the distress of which this incident is but one of the results. From the same unquestionable source, I learned that the deaths in the town of Skibbereen alone, for the 3 weeks previous to my second arrival, amounted to 169, and these in almost every instance, of insufficiency or total abstinence from food.—*Cork Examiner.*

Pro-Slavery Piety.

Mr. Simms of South Carolina, resumed and concluded the speech which he commenced on Thursday in support of the war. He said, among other things, that if General Taylor authorized the letter, recently printed in the newspapers, to be made public, it was indiscreet, for it would find its way into Mexico, and certainly result detrimentally to this country. He thought that a Lieutenant General should be appointed. As to the territory which may come into our possession on a treaty being concluded with Mexico, slavery would exist there. No man who loved his Bible, should say that slavery was immoral. The cry of abolition was gotten up, originally, by infidels, who sought to discredit the scriptures.

Mr. Burt inquired whether his colleagues spoke from the opinions of the Northern or the middle States, or from a knowledge of the firm determination of the South.

Mr. Simms replied, from the firm determination of the South that slavery shall exist there. He spoke for God.

Mr. Wood of New York, asked the gentleman whether, for God, he spoke for the North.

Mr. Simms rejoined, that he spoke for God, because God speaks for himself, and that is the climax of authority.—*Wash. Freeman.*

NO MISTAKE.—A boy called on doctor to visit his father, who had the delirium tremens; not rightly recollecting the name of the bad disease, he called it the *del's trembles*, making bad Latin, but very good English.—*Bangor Gazette.*

Receipts for the Bugle, for the last week.

	\$1.50—50
Geo. Allen, Youngstown,	1.50—50
W. Vale, Poland,	1.50—50
J. McGee, do	1.50—50
Blackman & Drake, Poland	50—104
Wm. Davis, Cottage Grove	1.50—104
Wm. Johnson, Pottersville	1.50—104
C. Whitacre, New Listb.	1.00—111
M. Johnson, Short Creek	2.00—143
E. P. Townsend, Falmton	1.00—113
E. Davis, East Rochester	1.00—111
N. Davis, do	1.00—111
Jan. Manger, Ridgville	1.50—104
O. L. Latham, Welchfield	1.50—104
L. Burroughs, do	1.50—105
M. Simms, Georgetown	50—70
E. Hambleton, Calcutta	1.50—104
E. Hawley, Limafield	2.00—69
S. Carr, Bath	25—80
C. Cox, Mt. Union	75—84
J. Stoffer, Marlboro	1.50—139
A. Alexander, Columbiana	1.50—104
L. McCoy, New Franklin	1.00—80
J. Higby, Windsor	1.00—67
J. Jenkins, Oberlin	1.50—119
W. W. Wallace, Northfield	75—104
S. Hovey, do	75—104
G. W. Clark, do	50—95
C. Barkwell, Cleveland	1.50—130
W. Corlett, do	1.50—130
N. S. Vance, do	1.50—118
W. Ward, do	1.50—126
M. A. Demming, New Lyme	1.50—115
F. H. Loomis, do	1.50—115
H. Putnam, do	5.00—252
R. E. Fillmore, do	1.50—130
A. Perry, Phelps, do	1.50—115
E. F. Alderman, Andover	50—80
S. Childs, Cherry Valley	1.50—129
S. S. Briggs, Waterford	2.00—120
J. Brockway, Rome, (Donation)	50

Please take notice, that in the acknowledgment of subscription money for the Bugle, not only is the amount received placed opposite the subscribers name, but also the number of the paper to which he has paid, and which will be found in the outside column of figures.

MARRIED.

On the 10th inst., at the residence of E. Campbell, Jr., Pittsburgh, by Rev. T. C. Teasdale of that city. Rev. T. W. GREEN, of this place, to Miss ELIZABETH H. daughter of Rev. Samuel Wilson, of New Concord, Muskingum co., O.

PROTRACTED TEMPERANCE MEETING, AT NEW GARDEN.

A three days Temperance Meeting will be held at the Village of New Garden, on the 21st, 22d and 23d of February. The SUNDAY SCHOOL, Jacob Heaton, and other distinguished laborers in the temperance reformation, will be in attendance.

WATER CURE.

DR. J. D. COPE
Has just completed an addition to his Water Cure Establishment in Salem. He is now prepared to secure to an increased number of patients the full advantages of the Hydropathic practice.
Salem, Dec. 1846.

C. DONALDSON & CO.
WHOLESALE & RETAIL HARDWARE MERCHANTS
Keep constantly on hand a general assortment of HARDWARE AND CUTLERY.
No. 18 MAIN ST. CINCINNATI.
July 17, '46

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES.
BOOTS AND SHOES. (Eastern and Western), Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oil and Dye Stuffs, cheap as the cheapest, and good as the best, constantly for sale at
TRESGOTT'S
Salem, O. 1st Mo. 30th.

POETRY.

From the N. Y. Tribune.
The Great Reformer.

From the work-bench of the carver, where in honest toil he bent;
From the peasant's low-eaved cottage, rich with virtue and content;
From the forest where with Nature He held converse deep and high;
From the mountain where His spirit rose to grandeur like the sky;
From the desert of temptation, where He spurned the kingly name,
Saying "Get thee from me, Satan!" to the gold, and ease, and fame;
With a calm and steadfast courage He went out into the storm,
To a life of humble goodness, to a Mission of Reform!

His garb of homely russet did veil, but not conceal
A form whereon Perfection had set its living seal;
That form of perfect beauty around a spirit shone
Pure as the Summer dew-drop, yet brilliant as the Sun;
The universe of wisdom all mirrored was therein,
As clouds, and stars and mountains shine through the Ocean's brim;
And all its mighty pulses with Love were overflowed—
Love boundless as Creation and infinite as God!

His words like living light-beams went forth with ardent aim,
Kindling Man's dormant powers to a strong, volcanic flame;
Spreading a golden sunrise o'er the dark, chaotic Night;
Rousing the weak and chain-worn to a conscious fight;
Shaking the throne and prison as the earthquake rocks a wall,
Whelming the priestly altars in the ruin of the fall;
Waking great Human Nature, as the storms the Ocean move,
To redent its glorious birthright of Unity and Love.

He deeds, that like His spirit, were mercifully strong,
Were a potent against Evil and a conflict with the wrong.
He clasped the needy outcast, with a pitying love Divine,
While he tore from him the fetters and the leper-lips of time;
He braved the hydra Falsehood, whose poisonous folds and
Had crushed and wrung and maddened the God-like human heart;
Retraining not though tortured, each pore of being bled,
Till with one grand endeavor He bruised its mitted head.

Death 'mid the iron hail-storm that sweeps along the
Solemn hope of Man;
Death by the ax or gallows, the rock or flame,
To him
Who wars with demon Priesthoods or with the blood-red King,
Oh, strong-souled Champion of the Right!
This was Thy glorious fate;
The false Church nailed Thee on the Cross raised for Thee by the State.
Yet has Thy Cross become a Throne! Judah and Rome are hurled
In shame beneath Thy mighty reign, Reformer of the World!

The Hero Spirit never dies, the Martyr Soul lives on;
Here rearest Thou, oh Brother! yet, till the good light is won,
Thou whisperest in the true man's heart, and mightily is borne
From land to land, cut-bursting grand, the chorus of Reform.
We see not now Thy fleshly form, yet is Thy spirit near,
Filling the true man's breast with love that overcometh Fear;
Revealed to all who in the paths of Truth and Duty run,
Like the great Angel seen by John, throned in the rising sun.

In no despotic State art Thou, where Rulers forge the chain
That binds the desolate and poor to Poverty and Pain;
In no sectarian Church art Thou, where knives and bigots meet,
And broken hearts splash bloody-red beneath their iron-shod feet.
Thy home is where the Hero dwells who toils to overthrow
That Social Anarchy that dooms the world to guilt and woe;
Where hearts beat warm with faith and love, as throbs the storm-swept sea,
Thou rulest as a Brother rules the strong souls of the Free.

Thy voice is heard where Nations rise from blindness and from sleep,
And call for Brotherhood and Love, as deep responds to deep.
Thy strength is felt where strong men toil, with willing lives and true,
To overthrow the useless Old and build the glorious New;
That Social Union that shall join in one our Human Race,
And hide with flowers of joy and peace the battle-whirlwind's trace;
The Church of Love, the State of Love, immortal and divine,
Where God and Man shall blend in one to dwell through endless time!
New York, December, 1846.

A Mite for the Poor.

Think of the wretched room,
Of the embers burning low—
Think of the scanty garb,
Of the child of want and woe;
Ye, whose bright eyes of life
With wealth is ransomed o'er;
Think of your brother man—
Relieve him from your store.
If the widow's humble mite
Reminded the Saviour's praise,
Shall not your gifts be blessed
In these our latter days?

Aye! every deed of love
Is a bright and sparkling gem,
To be wreathed by angel hands
In our heavenly diadem.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The following affecting description of the appalling condition of the Irish population, at the present time, is abundantly confirmed by all the advices that have been received from Ireland. To think of millions of the human family, suddenly deprived of their only article of food, by a calamity that threatens to be irretrievable, and given over to all the indescribable horrors of famine—with no means and no prospect of immediate relief, and with nothing to rely upon hereafter—is enough to cause a thrill of sympathy and anguish to run through our nation, and should prompt the American people to send the most liberal supplies, with the least possible delay. Friends of humanity! Christians! Americans! from the vast storehouse of your abundance, will you not take something to save from starvation and a horrid death, many a famished child, many a perishing family?—*Liberator.*

Starvation in Ireland—America must send the supplies.

DUBLIN, 1st mo. 3d, 1847.

DEAR GARRISON:—
When we parted in Liverpool, and exchanged our last cordial greeting on the deck of the Acadia, I did not calculate that our efforts on behalf of the slave were to be absorbed by the wall of misery and famine at our own doors, which is now almost literally the case! But surely, thousands at a distance will exclaim—"This is an old tale"—misery, beggary, rags, aye, famine too, are synonymous with the name and history of Ireland! Yes, my friend, it is even so; for vainly have I looked elsewhere for similar misery. During last summer and the previous one, I travelled some thousands of miles on the continent. I saw the hard-working Belgian peasant, eye, his wife and children, too, toiling in the field. I looked on the German farm laborer, either delving the soil with his simple implements of agriculture, or guiding the old wheel plough, with his cow, the only beast of burden, to draw it; I paused to watch the laborers of the Alpine regions, both male and female, at their heavy task. I saw the Italian peasant, as he guided his team of white oxen, or the Tuscan girl, as with her long ladder, and her broad flapping hat, she stripped the luscious vine of its enormous load. I scanned the Venetian gardener as he pre- took of his fragrant meal, sometimes at the bottom of his own garden, which served too as his sleeping place. I witnessed too, in Switzerland and elsewhere, human suffering and poverty, the former in the shape of [MS. illegible here], painfully contrasting with the most sublime scenes which Nature, lavish Nature, unfolds—the latter as it exists everywhere where the poor are—but in all, through all, I saw nothing to compare with Irish misery—nothing to compare with Irish suffering—nothing to compare with Irish rage!—What if the German peasant eats black bread; his children waiting for food. What if the Italian peasant is sometimes poorly clad, he still wears his own clothes, not the miserable, wretched shreds which tell by their make and texture that they are too often the cast-off garments which the hand of charity has bestowed, or that pinching penury has barely enabled him to purchase at some repository of worn out odds and ends.

But bad as matters were, they were well, as compared to the state of things at present. What if our poor peasantry had but their two meals of potatoes daily, with scarcely even salt to relish them; they managed to exist; they did not die of hunger; they were not often found stretched a mass of lifeless clay in the corner of their own hovels, though want in thousands of instances shortened their lives. But alas! starvation is now an every day, almost an hourly occurrence. Now famine stalks over the land, and what scenes the next six months may unfold, few can, without trembling, contemplate or anticipate.

Do not, my friend, know enough of Ireland to believe this but a true tale, and will thou say to me in common with others, "Is not this an overcharged picture?" What are the facts? The potato was the sole food of the millions—the potato has entirely failed—(we have not had one on our table, Irish as we are in this respect, for weeks, perhaps months, although we would gladly give 10 or 20d. per stone for such as pigs would have fed on as the refuse of the crop in former years.) Poor as our country was—lonely as was the widow and her children in their desolation, they still contrived, either through their own exertions or the kindness of their neighbors, to save their little acre of potatoes, and come what would, rain, frost or snow, nakedness or rags, the potato was in the pit; it could in some way or other be prepared for food. But now the pit is empty, and starvation is at the door of the millions. Hundreds, I fear thousands, have already fallen before the ruthless destroyer.

It needs, my friend, no stretch of imagination to comprehend our case; it is clear as noonday: if food cannot be had, our people perish! A time is coming when, if supplies be not increasingly poured in, money will be as valueless as the sand on the sea shore, to save from the pangs of famine.

Where, then, to whom must we look for food—for available help in our emergency? To you, to your broad plains and wide-spread tracts, teeming with fertility—to your wide valley of the Mississippi, which it has been said could supply the world! I say then, in the language of sober earnestness, on behalf of the suffering millions, use your pens and your tongues to bring down to your sea-coasts every spare bushel of corn which your country affords. We want it all for our all is nearly gone. Your Irish meal, which some time since was comparatively valueless, is greedily bought up by and for our starving peasantry, at 2s. 6d., 2s. 8d., 2s., 10d., and I believe still higher, per stone of 14 lbs.—Your wheat, your potatoes, your beef, your every kind of food, is wanted here. It is wanted for nothing less than to save millions from absolute death.

Do your part, then, (though you whose hearts have been so long open to the cries of suffering, need not the bidding,) to help us with your prayers and your active aid, in stirring up the enterprise of your country to send its produce to a ready and active market. In addition to other causes of suffering, we had the prospect of great con-

tinued severity of winter, which I am glad to say, for the sake of present suffering, has just now disappeared. The frost set in last month very intensely, and continued longer than usual with us; and had a heavy fall of snow taken place, or should it come, what would be the condition of the isolated peasantry in our western districts, it needs little foresight to predict! The melancholy task, in all human calculation, would only remain for the survivors to inter the wasted remains of their brethren and sisters, where "relenting nature" had opened the way.

And how are our poor people behaving under their unexampled sufferings and privations? Why, with unwavering patience, such as only the Irishman, and perhaps the Hindoo, would exhibit! Every one who has gone into the West tells the same tale—unbounded admiration of the people. Yes, there are traits of nobleness, of heroism, of self-renunciation, shining out from these wretched, which make one reverent human nature, and which nobly vindicate it from the mass of darkness which priests and statesmen and warriors have heaped upon it. Poor as the Corn-law peasant is, his last meal of potatoes is shared with the stranger; and the reason why greater numbers have not yet died of starvation is, because of the disinterestedness, the tender-heartedness of their neighbors who will not let die till they are involved in a common fate with them. There is talk about the peasantry arming, but this is all a ridiculous falsehood, as regards the masses. They have not a shilling to buy food, much less to purchase a gun. No—but at Dingle, famishing themselves on at 300 bags of Indian meal, lying unguarded on the quay for a whole night, and did not touch a grain of it, because they knew it belonged to those who were straining every nerve to relieve their distresses.

A worthy and excellent Friend, in the true sense of the word—William Forster, of Norwich—has been for weeks engaged in traveling through the country, investigating the universal misery, and seeking proper channels through which to dispense a pretty liberal subscription which is raised by "Friends" in this land, and which is being nobly added to in England; and the scenes which he recounts are truly heart-rending. Think of a feeling mind being obliged to witness such scenes as this—to see a crowd of upwards of 100 famishing fellow-beings, a large portion of them women and children—the old-looking and haggard faces of the latter, and their attenuated limbs, telling their tale too plainly, and struggling to obtain admittance into a wretched work-house, where fever and dysentery were raging, with the certainty that the over-crowded house could only receive about thirty of their number.

I must not pursue the tale. * * * But it is vain to conceal from thee, my friend, that our future prospects are gloomy in the extreme. The peasant is not tilling his field—it is no use his doing so; he has no seed to sow it with—the future is pregnant with dark and lowering clouds to you. But let us again turn to you. You have the power to help us. Let then, your farmers, your tillers of the soil, sow their broad acres with redeemed activity. In helping themselves, they will help us; the bond of brotherhood will be kept strong; the ties of love will be made all the more kindly than ever.

I am glad to say, that good is coming out of all this suffering. The kindly feelings of humanity and charity are being opened in many hearts, and are left to flow freely. Many a friend in our poor friend in the hour of trial, and the simple people will be made to succor offered in the last extremity: "I prayed to God, last night, that he would not let my children perish. I knew he heard my prayer and here is the proof of it." Yes, we have many such beautiful instances of simple, childlike faith, and the realization of the truth, that He will not suffer His dependent children to perish.

But while I write thus mournfully of our present prospects, I think I yet see a hand of mercy high above all for poor, suffering Ireland—Ireland, which has drunk of the wine of bitterness, even to its dregs, and is ground down by misery; her children robbed of their daily bread; her land possessed by the few, who, like the "dog in the manger," can neither use it themselves; nor will they allow others to use it. How my heart boils with indignation! how my blood boils within me, when I think of the wickedness, the diabolical nature of the wholesale robbery of our laws of primogeniture and entail, which keep the property of the country in the hands of a few, whose extravagance, or the extravagance of their predecessors, has so clogged and mortgaged their property, that while the laws insist that they must remain in the possession of the lands, totally incapable of them from doing anything toward improving either them or the existing myriads who are congregated on their estates.

This must come to an end! The present events are rapidly bringing it to a crisis.—The taxation now necessary to keep the poor alive, must be followed by some legislative means to enable it to be paid. I see no other but the excellent one of breaking up those accursed laws, and bringing those great estates, or large portions of them, into the market, to find their way into the hands of men who have capital and enterprise, and common sense to know that in raising a beggarly and disaffected tenantry to a happy, comfortable and contented state, they are most effectually adding to their own prosperity and to the general weal.

And now, I must come to a close. I have written this hasty epistle beside my "own fireside" (which is, thanks to an all merciful Providence, as comfortable as ever), in the midst of many interruptions, one of which has been the arrival of No. 1 of William and Mary Hewitt's own Journal, which affords a full and good matter. Success to the exertions to benefit the human race! Success to them for their hopeful spirit!

RICHARD ALLEN.

P. S. We have not forgotten our common cause, nor the claims of your three millions of bondmen. I expect your *Bazaar* has been very successful this year.

SILENT CARRIAGE WHEELS.—These have appeared in London. The tire of wheels consists of an elastic tubular ring of caoutchouc, enclosed in a leathern case, and inflated with air to any degree of tightness desired. The motion of the carriage is exceedingly easy.

From the Liberty Bell for 1847.

The Childless Mother.

BY J. E. SNOODGRASS.

After practising my profession for a year or two in Virginia, amid the scenes of my boyhood's mountain-circled home, I removed to Williamsport, a quiet little village on the Maryland side of the romantic Potomac. During my residence in the latter place, an incident occurred, the relation of which, perhaps serve a useful purpose, while furnishing, as I have been requested to do, "a page for the Liberty Bell."

At the dawn of a day in early spring, I was startled from slumbers rendered perhaps unusually profound by the labors of the previous day. The cause was a scream, which violently cleft the cold air with its piercing agony. I instantly sprang to my feet, only to have my ears saluted by shrieks still more startling. So loud had the voice now become, that it seemed to startle from the bosom of the quiet river echoes such as had perhaps never been heard since the days when its gladsome used to reflect the war-whoop of the Indian and the scream of the mauler.

The voice could readily be distinguished as that of a female, though coarse and harsh in its tones. It soon ceased, however, as if stifled by the very intensity of the agony it had expressed. On subsequent inquiry of a servant, I obtained the following solution of the soul-tormenting mystery.

In a hut, a square or two distant, had lived, for some time, a colored woman, the mother of two children, whose wants she had supplied with the labor of her own hands. She had regarded herself as a "free woman"—free as the air of the surrounding hills—and she was so regarded by all who knew her. But she had no "free papers," having omitted to secure them, it was said, through overconfidence in the source from which she had received a verbal pledge of freedom—a fatal omission too frequently made by the virtually freed.

Little did that sable woman dream, amid the quiet darkness which enwrap her toil-worn frame in unconsciousness, that a still harder lot—O, how hard a one—was so near its awaiting! She was aroused at early dawn by a rap at her humble door. She responded to the signal and bade the visitants enter.—They did so; but for what purpose, suppose you, reader? To talk of work to be done by those who are glad to "ask leave to toil," or utter other words of cheer! No—alas! No. Far different the errand on which they came. One of them claimed her as his "chattel," and ordered her to be seized as his "slave."

It was done, and she was conveyed, with her oldest child, to the county jail, some six miles distant, there to await the "highest bidder" for the blood and bones of his fellow men! "Was it the fact of being sold to Georgia, that caused those unearthly shrieks?" you ask. "Is that not a common thing in Maryland?"

It is far too common, I answer with shame; but it was not that which caused such intense agony. The cause was far worse even than that. I will tell.

Nestling warmly in that mother's bosom, through that sadly terminated night, had lain a babe, but a few weeks old—a babe which, colored though it was, and doomed to become a deep-buried slave, and the tender and helpless arms of a baby—and that mother loved it as fondly as the fairest skinned mother of this land could love her own. But it was deemed an *incumbrance* to its mother in the slave-mart. So they tore it rudely from her bosom! It was that which caused the shriek of agonized affection—the speechless utterance of a mother's bereaved and tortured soul! Yes, they tore that tender child from its mother, and she became the inmate of a gloomy prison!

"For what cause?" you ask. "Had the woman committed any crime?"

Not the least possible crime was she guilty of, except it really be crime to wear a black skin. But she was a slave—at least she was claimed as such. Besides, you see they only transferred her from one prison to another—for what is slavery but imprisonment? In fact it is generally imprisonment of the worst kind—imprisonment for life.

"What became of the babe?" some anxious mother impatiently asks.

I cannot answer further than that it was left with a colored woman, who promised its mother to take care of it. This, it is probable, she was allowed to do until it was old enough for the "Southern market."

Mothers of the land—ye who have borne children, and felt the feeble pulsations of their little hearts respond to your own—know you not how to commiserate that cruelly bereft mother? I trust that you do. Then plead earnestly for the cause of the slave! Strengthen the hands of your husbands, and fathers, and brothers, amid their stern conflict with the giant Wrong—amid their self-denials and their sufferings—in the face of private malice and public scorn! Woman can do much, if faithful to her mission—so much, that with the co-operation of the wives and mothers, and daughters of our guilty land, the "Liberty Bell" would soon cease to send forth such heart-rending tones as the shrieks of the Childless Mother.

An Angel's Visit.

A young angel of distinction being sent down to this earth on some business, for the first time, had an old courier spirit assigned him as a guide. They arrived over the sea of Martinico in the middle of the long day of obstinate fight between the fleets of Rodney and De Grasse. When, through the clouds of smoke, he saw the fire of the guns, the decks covered with mangled limbs, and bodies, dead or dying, the ships sinking, burning, or blown into the air, and the amount of pain, misery and destruction, the crews yet alive, were dealing around to each other, he turned angrily to his guide and said, "you blundering blockhead, you are ignorant of your business; you undertook to conduct me to the earth, and you have brought me into hell."

"No, sir," answered the guide, "I have made no mistake; this is really earth, and these are men. Devils never treat one another in this cruel manner; they are more sensible, and more of what men call humanity."

[Franklin's Letter.

Heathen Notions of Christianity.

The following is an extract from the journal of a converted African attached to the mission established under the labors of Rev. Wm. Raymond in the Mendi country. This heathen convert was sent out to prepare the way for a new missionary station. He writes:

"This morning I called 'Bu-raw,' (a chief), and said to him, 'If you please I want you to call the people together, that I may preach to them in the Mendi language about Christ. He said, 'What you say is very well; you do not care for any thing but book-palaver and God-palaver. But I cannot call the people together to hear you talk God-palaver, because I am a war man. I have gunpowder and cutlass in my hand to fight with. If I call the people together to hear God-palaver to-day and to-morrow begin to fight and kill, they will laugh at me. If you want to talk God-palaver, you can call your two men, and if I like I will myself sit down to hear you.'"

This shows the utter darkness of heathenism. This benighted chief had not learned that war and fighting were consistent with christianity, and that in christian countries clergymen not only call people together to hear God-palaver one day and fight the next, but even pray to God to bless them in the work of butchery. Perhaps he will think better of christianity when he finds that a profession of its principles does not involve the necessity of throwing away his powder and cutlass.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE COPPER-HARBOR MAIL.—This mail leaves Green Bay once a month, and is carried the whole distance by a man, on foot. For some two hundred and fifty miles of the route, there is not a habitation, except, perhaps, a few Indian wigwams, and the mail-carrier, in addition to the mail, carries two weeks' food, besides an ax, two blankets, and cooking and eating utensils. There is no road or trail, and on his first trip the carrier takes an Indian guide, and "blazes" the way, so that he can keep the track on the other trips. The distance is over three hundred miles, and the Green Bay Advocate states it takes about two weeks to go through. If the carrier is taken sick, or is lost on his journey, he is alone in the wilderness, far out of reach of human aid, and the non-arrival at the appointed time will be the only announcement of his death. There are few mail-routes in the world, the service of which is so arduous as this, and few kinds of service requiring the same nerve and courage in man to undertake it.

GOOD HIT AT WAR.—THE CHINESE.—When the English lay before Canton, pouring into that devoted city shot, shells, rockets, sweeping its miserable folk like spider-webs, and slaughtering its inmates by thousands, the poor creatures found themselves in a dilemma which needed all the wisdom of a Confucius to extricate them. If they surrendered to the British without proper resistance, the vengeance of the emperor, in the punishment of the bow string awaited them. So the commander sent his messenger with a flag of truce to the British admiral, who received it with due respect, fondly anticipating that it was a proposition to capitulate. But not so. The messenger said, "The emperor has made terrible havoc among his people, far exceeding any thing to which they had been accustomed, and that he had come to propose, that if his Excellency would charge his guns with powder only, he would do the same, that it would be a great saving of ammunition and human life, and that his celestial highness, the emperor, would be just as well pleased—if they thus continued the battle pro forma, the due length of time."

A NEW MOVEMENT. Rather a serious matter for a joke.—The captain of a certain volunteer company, now rendezvoused at Vicksburg, says the Whig of that city, must be one of the wisest men in the world, judging from a proceeding of his which might have been witnessed on last Sunday morning.—He formed his men into line, and gave order to the following effect—"Those who are going to church, about face!" The majority of the company about faced immediately, thus evincing their desire of attending the place of worship. A goodly number, however, maintained their first position; wondering, perhaps, at the stupidity of their comrades, in choosing to frequent so dull a place, in their estimation, as the house of prayer.

They had not become so religious all at once—*they had*—by no manner of means! But there was matter of triumph just ahead, for the moral and religious portion of the company. The captain's eye twinkled roguishly, as he sung out—"Those who are going to church, walk up and take a drink!" They did so; and a more *any* looking set of fellows than were those in the minority is seldom seen. Some of them begged the privilege of changing their votes; but the captain was inexorable—they couldn't coax a treat out of him by any means. Those who had voted for going to church, washed down the cob-webs and started; while the remainder looked on as if they were almost persuaded to be Christians.

A SPECULATION.—An American, in England, has adopted a new method of increasing the length of his purse. It seems that the house in which Shakespeare was born, was lately offered at auction, and was bought by one of the universal yankee nation on a "spec." After coming into possession of the world-worshipped relic, which is exceedingly dilapidated, he announced his intention of removing it to America. The indignation of each particular Englishman became at once highly excited, and it will probably be rescued from the owner's hands at an enormous price.

DECEASE.—A case is now on trial in Mississippi which, if it takes a proper direction, will go far to abate the rage for duelling. A law of the State of Mississippi requires that a man shall pay the debts of each individual whom he kills in a duel, and if an honest jury will sustain the law, and the defendant is able to pay, he will be careful how he engages in a duel.

Evidence of Insanity.—A stranger argued, in a little knot of debaters on the sidewalk the other day, says the Granite Freeman, that Christians could not do any thing which Christ thought it wrong for himself to do.—Some one asked Deacon S. who the stranger was. "O, I don't know," said he, "he must be an insane man, I think." The question is debate was capital punishment."

FAIR HIT.—Yankee Doodle advertised for a Mexican, in good condition, for Mr. Clay to kill—*anchovies* preferred.

Anti-Slavery Books.

Kept constantly on hand by J. Elizabeth Jones, among which are
Narrative of Douglass.
Archy Moore.
The Liberty Cap.
Brotherhood of Thieves.
Slaveholder's Religion.
Disunionist, &c.

The Forlorn Hope of Slavery, by Pillsbury; Fact & Fiction, by Mrs. Child; and The Memoirs of C. T. Torrey, will probably be received very soon.

THE SALEM BOOK-STORE.

Has changed hands, and the New Firm having made considerable additions to the old stock, respectfully solicit the patronage of the old customers and the public. They are constantly receiving

SUPPLIES FROM THE EAST, of Books and Stationary, and Articles in their line not on hand will be ordered on short notice.
They will try to keep such an assortment and sell on such terms, as that no one need have an excuse for not reading.
Schools and Merchants supplied on liberal terms.

GALBREATH & HOLMES.

D. L. GALBREATH & JESSE HOLMES, }
Salem, 1st mo. 28th, 1846.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Sole Leather, Upper Leather, Calf-Skins, Shoes, Boots, Sugar, Molasses, Tea, Coffee, Spice, Fish, Cider, mould Candles, Tar by the kit and barrel, Turpentine, Spermin Oil, Flaxseed Oil, Paints, &c., &c., by

HEATON & IRISH.

Dec. 28th, 1846.

LOOKING GLASSES.

In connection with *Hardware and Drugs*, the subscribers have a large supply of new and handsome styles of large and small Looking Glasses and Looking Glass plates. Old frames refilled and glass cutting done to order.

CHESSMAN & WRIGHT.

Salem, 11th mo 1, 1846.

CHEAP FOR CASH.

The proprietors of the Salem HARDWARE AND DRUG STORE, have just received their full supply of NEW HARDWARE AND FRESH DRUGS. The patronage of their old customers, and the public generally is respectfully solicited.
CHESSMAN & WRIGHT.
Salem 11th mo 1, 1846.

REMOVAL.

George Orr has removed from the house of Ely, Kent & Brock, to the large and extensive Dry Goods house of
LUDWIG, KNEEDLER & CO.
No. 110, North 3d st., where he would be glad to have his Anti-Slavery friends call before making their Spring purchases elsewhere.
Philadelphia, Jan. 7th, 1847.—76.

MEDICAL.

DRS. COPE & HOLE

Have associated for the practice of medicine. Having practised the WATER-CURE, until they are satisfied of its unequalled value, in the treatment not only of chronic but acute diseases, they are prepared to offer their professional services on the following conditions.
In all acute diseases, when called early, and when proper attention is given by the nurses, if they fail to effect cures, they will ask no fees. Residence east end of Salem.
January 1, 1847.

JUST RECEIVED

Directly from Philadelphia, a fresh supply of beautiful plaid Linseys, black and brown Alpaca and Parametta Cloth, cheap Cassinets and Cloths, black and white Wadding, Plaid French Clothing, and fashionable plaid silk bonnet linings by

HEATON & IRISH.

Dec. 28th 1846.

WANTED,

1000 bushel dried Apples,
100,000 lbs. Pork,
50,000 lbs. Lard,
10 or 12 good Horses.
HEATON & IRISH.
Dec. 28th, 1846.

AGENTS FOR THE "BUGLE."

Ohio. New Garden—David L. Galbreath
Columbiana—J. H. Holmes. Cold Springs
Mahoning—Irvin. Berlin—Jacob H. Barnes. Marietta—Dr. K. G. Thomas.
Canfield—John Wetmore. Louelle—Dr. Butler. Poland—Christopher Lee. Youngstown—J. S. Johnson. New Lyme—Marshall Miller. Akron—Thomas P. Beach. New Lisbon—George Garretson. Cincinnati—William Donaldson. East Fairfield—John Marsh. Selma—Thos. Swann. Springfield—Ira Thomas. Haverburg—V. Nicholson. Oakland—Elizabeth Brook. Chagrin Falls—S. Dickenson. Petersburg—Ruth Tomlinson. Columbus—W. W. Pollard. Georgetown—Ruth Cope. Bundysburg—Alex. Glenn. Garrettsville—G. C. Baker. Juntura—E. Morgan Parrett. Farmington, Wm. Smith. Ellyria, Lorain co.—L. J. Burrell. Oberlin—Lucy Stone. Ohio City—R. B. Dennis. Newton Falls—Dr. Homer Earle. Ravenna—E. P. Bassett. Franklin Mills—A. Morse. Harford—Anson Garlick. Southington—Caleb Greene. Mt. Union—Owen Thomas.—Republican P. O. H. Wood—Hillaboro. Wm. Lyle Keys. Achon town—Dr. A. G. Richardson. Fowler's Mills—Im Allen.—Kinman—J. Herick. Berea—Allen Hitz. Malta—Wm. Cope. Hickory—Elder Parker. Dr. Still. Chester St. Roads—H. W. Curtis. Painesville—J. W. Briggs. Franklin Mills—C. F. Leffingwell. Dalton—James Mullen.

INDIANA. Greencastle—Lewis Branson. Marion—John T. Morris. Economy—Ira C. Maulsby. Liberty—Edwin Gardner. Winchester—Clarkson Puckett. Knightstown.—Dr. H. L. Terrill. Richmond—Joseph Adleman.
PENNSYLVANIA. Fallston—Milo A. Towns. H. Vashon, Pittsburgh.